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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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BOSTON—"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

CIRCULATION 174,000.

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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF POWER.

THE defeat of those who ludicrously called themselves the party of reform in the late campaign does not mean that the country is indifferent to reform, but that it knows no improvement could be expected from such a coalition as that which has been overthrown. The coalition, for instance, demanded civil service reform. But its candidate, in his most careful written speech at Portland, said that in the bestowal of office he should, of course, consider those who had helped to raise the house. From that moment it was as absurd to declare that his candidacy meant actual reform of the service as if he had frankly said, "To the victors belong the spoils." Moreover, there was to be a reform of State governments in the Southern States. But Governor WARMOTH in Louisiana was the GREELEY representative in the campaign, and the purity of the government which he and his friends would have given the State may be inferred from his past career and his present conduct.

Hence also the absurdity of the "Liberal" claim that the reforms which the country wishes and which it expects from the Administration will be due, when effected, to the GREELEY movement. We have heard it called a protest which will serve as a warning to the Administration. This is again comical, in presence of the fact that General GRANT'S popular majority is more than twice as large as in 1868. There has, indeed, been a protest, but it is against the expectation of reform and reconciliation from such a medley as the coalition. The country does expect a good administration; and if those who supported Mr. GREELEY think that it is due to them, they are as wise as those who incessantly predict rain, and who insist when the rain falls that they have produced it. Among the "Liberals" there were men who sincerely wish reform, but they are invisible when compared with the multitude of Republicans who wish it, and who supported the Administration that they might secure it.

It is natural that every individual should suppose that the people demand what he wishes. Thus we observe that those who are urgent for any particular movement are very sure that the people have pronounced for it by the re-election of the President. The newspapers on all sides inform us that the people demand this and that. But the papers are very much like the preachers who tell us all the precise purposes of Providence. How do they know? The editorial "we" is very sonorous, but who is it that uses it? Theoretically it stands for public opinion enlightening the individual who holds the pen. But in fact it stands for a clique, or for his own wishes. When an editor says that the people wish, or when we say in the opening of this article that the country desires reform, it is mainly an expression of a conviction that the people or the country ought to wish it. There is probably one thing only that the mass of the population may be safely presumed to wish, and that is honest and economical government upon the basis of equal rights.

Undoubtedly also the country, in the same sense, prefers indirect to direct taxation, and a tariff for revenue which incidentally protects. And the proof that it does so is that the delegates to all the Presidential conventions either directly or indirectly pronounced for that policy, showing that their observation of opinion in their own districts had led them to that conclusion. One of the chief functions of the press is to show what measures ought to be desired, and the reasons for them; and the country is very sure to approve whatever lessens corruption and increases the efficiency of administration, whether it has been a subject of long consideration or not. Hence the necessity that Congress should take the initiative in many policies. Yet that is often impracticable, because under our present system Congress is a fair representative of public ignorance and indifference upon many subjects, as well as of the general political tendencies and sympathies.

But an Administration sustained by so vast a majority has a right to consider that both its general dispositions and its particular policies have been approved. It may therefore boldly assume the responsibility of continuing them. The pacific foreign policy, the general financial policy, the Indian policy, the passivity in the San Domingo annexation, the positive policy in reform of the civil service—all these have been approved by the people, and therefore may safely be prosecuted in the same spirit and direction. The re-election is certainly not the condonation of every thing that has been done; but it is the approval of the spirit and purpose with which the administration has been conducted.

And in all those good measures, which in this sense the country has sustained, the Administration may be sure of support. By efforts for constantly greater economy and fidelity, by the completion of reconstruction by including the few exceptions in the general amnesty, by a steady persistence in the present foreign policy, by a sincere application of the new civil service system, by vigorous action in the labor inquiry already begun, the Administration will fulfill its own work, and justify the expectations of those who sustain it. Then, if the "Liberals" take to themselves the credit—why, there have been flies upon the wheel before.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

WHILE the fire in Boston was still raging there were little placards posted up among the smoking ruins announcing the removal to new offices of merchants whose stores had been consumed. A committee of citizens was formed at the same time, and held a meeting at the edge of the fire to provide for the immediate necessity. The firemen of Boston and of the New England towns were at once upon the spot, the train from Worcester making the forty-two or three miles in as many minutes, and the service of all the firemen was most faithful and constant to the end. The citizen soldiers, under command of officers who had seen the fire of tremendous battle, aided the police at the request of the civil authorities in preserving order. There was no serious disturbance throughout the immense excitement. The meeting of citizens held upon the day after the fire was opened with the singing of a hymn, and the speeches that followed were simple, manly, hopeful, full of confidence and self-respect.

Indeed, that is the chief impression of this great disaster. Sudden and appalling as it was, the heart of the old Puritan city did not quail, and the men who made the Old South and the Old State-House and Faneuil Hall famous would have looked with grim pride upon the sturdy heroism of their descendants. As in Chicago last year, the manner in which the misfortune was encountered makes every American prouder of his countrymen. There is a silent dignity of endurance which is ennobling, and that was signally shown in both the cities. In truth, the historian will always mention the surprising recovery of Chicago as not the least marvelous fact in her story, and the self-respecting pluck of Boston gives her another title to the honor of the country. The bond of sympathy is so strong that the offers of aid were universal and heart-felt. Even over the sea, from Boston in English Lincolnshire, came the sincere expression of sympathy and the offer of substantial assistance; and the Common Council of London voted its regrets for what it thought must be a national calamity.

The Boston loss is mainly of warehouses and merchandise. The assistance that will be most useful is therefore evident, and is indicated by the Boston *Advertiser*. The object should be to prevent an interruption of business. For although it is true that lodging-houses were not destroyed, as in Chicago, and the poor were not turned into the streets at the beginning of winter, yet the army of clerks and porters and subordinates of every kind would be thrown out of work and wages should there be any long or serious interruption of business. Fortunately Boston is a creditor city, and if payments are promptly made and liabilities extended, the cause for apprehension and the probability of great suffering will disappear. There are already noble instances of true and chivalric commercial generosity upon the part of New York merchants who have sold to their Boston brethren upon credit, in the strictest sense; credit not based upon accumulated capital, but upon personal character.

The country at large had a peculiar interest in the Boston fire, because Boston is our chief historic city. The Old South and Faneuil Hall are in Boston, but they are the treasures of the country. The painful, almost passionate, anxiety with which the gradual approach of the flames to the old church was watched by the spectators was shared by those in distant parts of the country who could see only by the telegraph; and the hearty cheer of thanksgiving to the firemen when they had baffled and beat back the enemy that threatened the building was echoed in thousands and thousands of hearts. Like war, such great disasters reveal the quality of a people; and our natural indignation with filigree cornices and inflammable roofs is lost in admiration of the steady self-command which,

"Though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.

THE President's action in regard to the Philadelphia Post-office will surprise only those who have so constantly repeated that he was dishonest that they have come to believe themselves. It was one of the stock slanders of the campaign that he merely pretended an interest in the reform of the civil service, and that he had an understanding with certain Senators that he should recommend reform, while they would ridicule and oppose it. What the object of such folly was we have not seen suggested. Of course the President could only lose confidence and support by such a transparent game. The supposition that he could be guilty of such trifling was degrading; but the whole tone of the opposition to him was of that kind.

The President stated to the gentlemen who urged him to suspend the civil service rules in the case of the Philadelphia Post-office that he should suspend them when adequate cause was shown. Those rules, which he had approved, provide that when a vacancy occurs in certain post-offices, of which that at Philadelphia is one, the President will nominate for the succession any subordinate officer of whose fitness and suitability he is satisfied. And when he remarked that he should follow his own rule, the effect was amusing. The *Tribune's* report says, "It is safe to say that this was the most surprising and effective speech ever listened to by the gentlemen present." So at last even President GRANT has made a speech that his opponents do not ridicule.

It would be a great injustice to the President to suppose that he has now for the first time shown his adhesion to the rules. Our "Liberal" friends will probably see in this action the result of their noble endeavor to secure reform by restoring the Democratic party. But the President has only done in a more conspicuous instance what he has constantly done since he adopted the rules. It is not he who has been false; it is they who have deluded themselves. If there had been no Cincinnati Convention and no "Liberal" campaign, the President would have gone quietly forward, as he has from the beginning.

Those also who have so stoutly asserted that they liked General GRANT well enough, but that they could not support a President who was managed by a "ring," have now their answer. If there be a "ring," Senator CAMERON is certainly supposed to be a very important part of it. Moreover, every body who is familiar with political machinery knows how very powerful the appeal from certain gentlemen in Pennsylvania necessarily is just at this time and under existing circumstances. The President's conduct will surprise no one who knows him. Yet it is of such happy significance as to make it an important public event. And we believe nothing in his civil career will commend him more closely to the great body of the people than the conviction that his Administration is to be signalized as the beginning of this great reform.

MR. FROUDE AND FATHER BURKE.

MR. FROUDE did not expect that his lectures upon the relations of England and Ireland would pass unchallenged. And on the evening following his first discourse Father BURKE, an Irish Dominican preacher who has been lecturing for some time in the country, declared, according to the report in the newspapers, that Pope ADRIAN'S bull which authorized the Norman invasion of Ireland was "a thundering lie." The same gentleman subsequently assailed Mr. FROUDE'S general view with more zeal than wisdom, and finally, as if apprehending some peril to his Church if American opinion should incline to the judgment that Ireland ought to ask of England only equal laws justly administered, Father BURKE began a series of lectures in detailed reply to Mr. FROUDE. They were addressed to enthusiastic audiences of his countrymen and fellow-churchmen, and were received with that jubilant enthusiasm of applause with which Irishmen always greet the praises of their country and the defiance and depreciation of England.

Father BURKE'S personal allusions to Mr. FROUDE were contemptuous under the guise of respect. It was wholly unnecessary for him to detail the various reports that may have been circulated in Roman Catholic circles as to the motives of Mr. FROUDE'S visit. He is an Englishman and a scholar of high reputation, who thinks that he can render England and Ireland a good service by appealing to American opinion. He knows—and if he does not we can assure him—that the "Irish question" has been imported by demagogues into our politics, and that there are much feeling and very little knowledge upon the subject which breed a hostile feeling to England. Mr. FROUDE does not speak as an enemy of Ireland, but as an Englishman who would fain find some means of harmonizing the two countries. Why should Father BURKE hint that sinister causes have been alleged for Mr. FROUDE'S coming? Might not the question be retorted upon him? What has Father BURKE come for? Upon whose invitation? For what purpose? And why does he reply to Mr. FROUDE? Is it mainly to correct what he considers to be historical errors? or is it to try to prevent the removal of the "Irish question" from political and ecclesiastical agitation?

The father seems also to misapprehend the real purpose of Mr. FROUDE'S lectures, and does him a very grave injustice when he says that it is "to ask the American people to sanction by their verdict the robbery and the persecution of which England was guilty." Mr. FROUDE'S purpose is to submit that since Ireland can not be separated from England, and must remain united, the Irish agitation ought to cease when it is evident that England means to be just, which he asserts is now proved to be her policy. Of course in discussing the question he does not evade the truth of the situation. He begins by saying that although mated for nearly seven hundred years, the two countries are not matched, and if Irish independence were compatible with England's existence, it might, perhaps, be wise. But as that can not be, he wishes to show that England is not alone to blame for the discord, and that Ireland owes to herself, and not to English misrule, much of her misery.

This opens the whole question of the historical relations of the two islands. It is one of the most tragical chapters in human annals, and the feeling upon each side is not only bitter—it is so morbid that it seems almost useless to discuss it. Romance and poetry have made Ireland in imagination the most hapless of national figures: and yet she was never a nation. The appeal to history seems hopeless, because the Irish feeling rejects as "thundering lies" facts which the most candid historians concede. In one sense nothing could well be more ludicrous than Father BURKE'S position, because in his lectures he appealed to a general popular audience upon subjects in regard to which careful and eminent scholars disagree, and upon which his own audience were already violently prejudiced.

Father BURKE tried to dispose of Pope ADRIAN'S bull authorizing the Norman invasion of Ireland. He did not dispose of it. As the most thorough and thoughtful and sympathetic author upon the Irish problem whom we know—an English scholar who is not friendly to Mr. FROUDE—says, this bull is the stumbling-block and despair of the Catholic historians of Ireland. For it is the papal authority for the subjugation of Ire-

land to England, and must be denied and dismissed at every cost. If a copy of it existed at Rome, it was invalid, said Father BURKE, because it was not dated. But of course he knows that there is nothing essentially improbable in such a bull. Father BURKE would hardly deny that WILLIAM the Conqueror, a century before, was armed with the papal sanction when he crossed the Channel to subdue England; and there is no reason that the descendant of the conqueror of one island should not have had the same authority to subdue a neighboring island. Father BURKE ridiculed Mr. FROUDE'S view of HENRY the Eighth. But when an Irish Dominican preacher comes upon the stage in his habit, and after reverently kissing the episcopal ring upon the hand of a bishop of his Church, proceeds to speak to his countrymen of HENRY the Eighth, the leader of the great English departure from Rome, do we expect a candid and reasonable argument?

Mr. FROUDE'S philosophical justification of the Norman invasion of Ireland will not be accepted by the moral sentiment of today. The right of any nation or people or government to undertake the police of another is in practice merely the right of might. But this is wholly a modern sentiment. It was unknown at the time of the invasion of Ireland; nor is it necessary to discuss it. The essential question in the whole discussion is that presented by Mr. FROUDE: In the actual situation of the two countries, can more be required than that England shall impartially enforce equal laws for herself and for Ireland?

A CHARTER FOR NEW YORK.

THE new Legislature of New York will frame a charter for the city, and there are certain plain considerations which should guide those who will do the work. The first and chief point to be remembered is that the fallacy of electing almost every municipal officer, which began with the State constitution of 1846, has been thoroughly exposed. The voters can know a few important candidates, but they can not possibly know all. Hence those who wish to establish a really honest and efficient government will require that there shall be a few chief candidates to be elected, and that they shall be held responsible for the administration.

The principle of minority or proportional representation should be applied to the local district elections. It does not interfere with the rule of the majority, but it enables the minority to be heard, and makes taxation and representation go together. A vigilant, intelligent, and active minority would have prevented much of the infamy of our late municipal administration.

The method of the election of the Mayor, the chief executive officer, should be most carefully considered. The State has an interest in the city which is undeniable and acknowledged. The State is the political community which grants corporative life to the city. Formerly the Mayor was appointed by State authority. More recently the same authority named the chief executive departments. If the Mayor is to be elected in the city, might it not be wise to vest his election in the council chosen in the districts by proportional representation? The council would then be an electoral college. Or has experience proved that it is better to elect the Mayor directly?

We must incorporate in the charter the wisdom of experience. This suggests a State police as an improvement upon the old Metropolitan Police system. The peace must be kept by the simplest and most efficient means.

The experience of the national government shows the wisdom of concentrating responsibility upon the executive head. Mr. NORDHOFF, in his paper in the *North American Review*, warmly urges this principle in his suggestions for municipal administration. It is undoubtedly true that the heads of departments at Washington have been, upon the whole, better selections than popular election would have made. But that is not wholly due to leaving the responsibility of choice to the President. His choice is controlled by custom, which indicates the appointment of conspicuous leaders in the party which elects him. General GRANT has not always regarded this custom, but it exists, and will continue. This kind of control would not affect appointments by a mayor. He ought, in theory, to name the most suitable subordinates and associates. Would the sense of responsibility constrain him to this course? If not, is there any other constraint that can be applied? and would not the risk be less in making him responsible than in leaving the subject to caucus decision?

These, and such as these, are the questions which the new Legislature must ask itself. The opportunity of completing the reform is too fair to be neglected. The Republican party has the responsibility, and in the measures which it provides it will not forget that it is honorably bound to remember the distinctively "reform" interest which broke the Ring last year, and has elected Mr. HAVEMEYER this year. That interest in the city is not wholly partisan, and the object should be to enable good and honest citizens of all parties to unite, and to make their union effective. Party spirit is so strong that common-sense suggests the provision of some method by which its direct force upon the voter shall be broken. That method the Legislature ought to provide.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE newspapers that supported the Democratic nomination for the Presidency have teemed since the election with articles upon independence in journalism. During the campaign their independence was shown in trying to defeat the Republican party, and by calling the unmixed Democratic result in Georgia, and the Democratic expectation in North Carolina, and the Democratic nominations in Pennsylvania, and the nomination of Mr. MIKE NORTON and Mr. CREAMER in New York, "Liberal" hopes and expectations and performances. We do not quarrel with this. It did not disprove their independence. But why it is more independent to support one party rather than another does not clearly appear; and why calling the regular Democratic candidate, whose election could only be due to the Democratic vote, a "Liberal" candidate should be supposed to change the familiar facts of the situation is not evident. The theory of "conversion" is illustrated by the New York *World*, which is an unflinching party organ. For a "converted" Democrat its conduct is most reprehensible. The "independence" of the *Tribune* during the campaign consisted in being more furiously Democratic than the *World*. And if its "independence" is not illustrated by coincidence with Democratic opposition to the Administration, we shall be agreeably surprised.

We say that we do not deny the independence of these papers. But their mistake lies in their seeming assumption, since the election, that independence implies indifference to parties. The *Tribune* announces that it is not partisan. But of course it does not mean that it is neutral. If, then, it means only that it will henceforth support policies and measures according to its conviction of their advantage to the public welfare, it confesses that it has not done so hitherto. But why could it not be independent in supporting its party? Has the *Tribune* advocated measures that it did not approve because they were party measures? That, of course, is unpardonable in any paper. But it could be perfectly independent as a Republican paper if it chose to be. It could see that in a country like ours there will always be, under any circumstances, two chief political tendencies; and it could plainly declare which it preferred, yet remain entirely independent. Indeed, any other independence does not merit the name. There are papers in the country whose real sympathies are always evident, and whose existence is a painful effort to discover which way the wind is going to blow, and to blow with it. They call themselves independent. A dead leaf whirled in an eddy is as much so.

Independence in a man or in a newspaper is to have an honest opinion and to maintain it. Consequently in this country all independent journals will be upon one side or the other. And probably in maintaining their side they will do what the *Tribune* did during the campaign—resort to the most unscrupulous assertions, and treat their opponents with all possible unfairness. Yet they will be independent, because they can pecuniarily afford to say what they think. The *Nation* is the ablest independent journal in the country. But it has always sympathized with the general Republican movement, while it has been the relentless and often, as we think, the most contemptuously unjust critic of Republican measures and men. It has made its way by force of its independence. The truth is that none of the great journals in this country are dependent. Even if, as in the case we have cited of the *World*, they are severely partisan, it is for the reason that we have stated. The *World* supports the party which represents the policy which, upon the whole, it approves. All its methods of support are certainly not admirable. And when, as in the contest with the Ring and the nomination of Mr. GREELEY, it sustains its party by acquiescing in what it believes to be fatal to it, then it abdicates its independence, and betrays the cause to which it is devoted.

The use of an independent press is to keep parties pure by refusing to sustain wrong measures and bad men. To support Mr. MIKE NORTON as an evidence of independence of party is merely to invite contempt. If, therefore, the "Liberal" papers which advocated Mr. GREELEY mean to be in this sense independent, it will be a great gain to the country. But it certainly was not very independent to advocate a candidate who confessedly did not represent the cause for which they went to Cincinnati, and to persist in supporting auxiliaries who were only disreputable. Partisan journalism could do no worse than that. Perhaps, also, less loud professions of independence would be as useful; for the papers which are accustomed to boast most vociferously of their independence are not those which are most respected or most trusted.

PERSONAL.

MR. HAMILTON FISH and the Administration, now that the successful results of their management of the *Alabama* claims are becoming better understood, are reaping a just reward of popular approval. Of the "Treaty of Washington" article in the November number of *Harper's Magazine* the Boston *Literary World* says: "It is a minute and carefully written history of the negotiations between the British government and our own which terminated in the Geneva Tribunal. Though the American bias of the article is unmistakable, there is no reason to distrust its statements of fact; and we must regard it as the most intelligible and satisfactory presentation of the case that has ever been in print. There are thousands of intelligent Americans who have remained in partial ignorance of this momentous international dispute simply because they could not without great pains attain a full knowledge of its facts. This article—which, if not written by BANCROFT DAVIS, was evidently inspired by him—seems to meet a general demand for a succinct yet complete narrative of the negotiations."

—The Rev. C. H. FOWLER, one of the most eloquent preachers of the Methodist Church in the West, was on the 24th ult. elected president of the Northwestern University. Dr. F. is in the prime of manhood—thirty-five—a thoroughly representative Western man, full of energy, zeal, and nervous activity. He was educated at the Genesee College, at Lima, New York, and after graduating studied law; but his religious convictions soon led him to the ministry, and for eleven years past he has been in the ministry at Chicago. The university, although in its infancy, has now about 500 students in the various departments, and with $1,500,000 invested in productive real estate, is in a most flourishing condition.

—Rev. N. DODGE, of Mount Joy, Pennsylvania, is an eighty-year-old clergyman, who rightly believes that a minister should be known as much by his *walk* as by his conversation, for he lately walked to and from Columbia over a rough and hilly road, about sixteen miles, and took part in the duties of the presbytery, all in one day.

—The Rev. WILLIAM H. HARE, recently elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop to the Indians, is a very young man, and it is to be hoped may have a long and prosperous career. But he must look out. His name, to the red man, is a most suggestive one; and should he get into trouble as a bishop militant, he must look well to his scalp, or there won't be any Hare "left on the top of his head, on the place where the hair ought to grow."

—The Pope, according to the latest advices from Rome, no longer walks with form erect and with his old commanding presence. On the contrary, he stoops, and requires the assistance of a cane, sleeps badly, and his respiration is very difficult during the night. He has not yet divested himself of the idea that he will die during the year 1873.

—Among the pleasant things growing out of the late political campaign is a brief correspondence between Messrs. COX and TREMAINE, candidates for Congress at large, in which the former felicitates himself on having made no allusion to the latter of a personal character, and that he will cheerfully retire to the "still air of delightful studies" in his library, and to matters more congenial than politics. Mr. TREMAINE, in reply, reciprocates the graceful compliment of Mr. COX, and says "the recent canvass, earnest and exciting as it has been, has left no rankling wounds in my breast, nor any other than the kindest personal feelings toward a gentleman so universally esteemed for his genial qualities as my distinguished opponent."

—Lord A. P. CECIL, son of the Marquis of Exeter, has returned to Canada, where he is preaching in connection with the Plymouth Brethren.

—During the war one PERCY WYNDHAM figured conspicuously as a colonel of cavalry. He was a Briton, and claimed to belong to the old family of WYNDHAMS. Many, however, thought he was a sort of bag of Wynd-ham, and didn't take stock in him. At the present epoch that WYNDHAM is editing the *Indian Charivari*, at Calcutta.

—The Rev. GEORGE MACDONALD seems to have greatly impressed the Bostonians, more, however, as a preacher than as a lecturer. His talk about the late R. BURNS is said to have been pleasant and Scotchy, and that's about all.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that FRANK MOORE, just returned from Paris, will lecture this winter on the "comic side of diplomacy." He won't do any thing of the sort; has gone back to Paris.

—Deacon ROBERT M'GAW died the other day in Merrimac, New Hampshire, and left $13,000 to a few charitable associations in the bailiwick. And he also left $10,000 to the Merrimac Normal Institute, on condition that they change the name of the institution to that of the M'Gaw Normal Institute, otherwise the ten shall go to Dartmouth College. It remains to be seen whether they will tack the good deacon's name to the institute, or whether Dartmouth will get it without the Mc.

—Rev. Dr. MINER, of Belvidere, Illinois, has had the happiness of receiving from Mrs. LINCOLN an elegant family Bible. It was the last present ever received by President LINCOLN, having been given to him by the colored people of the South a short time previous to his death. There was a strong friendship between Mr. LINCOLN and Dr. MINER: hence the incident.

—Lord BLANTYRE had a pleasant little scene the other day at his home-farm in England. He took the Japanese embassy with him. They came just as the steam threshing machine was in full operation, and were much interested in its work. Then one of the dairy-maids made her appearance—a robust, healthy, fully developed specimen of her class. This took the eminent Japanese all aback, and when asked if they had any thing like that in Japan, they gave a negative and desponding wag of the head. "*That* was something *no* [Japanese] fellow could find out."

—Earl RUSSELL, now over eighty, is pleasantly occupying his old age in preparing for publication a volume of *Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the End of the Council of Trent.*

—THOMAS LLOYD, an Englishman, was the first person to report the proceedings of Congress in short-hand. After having served with distinction in the Revolutionary war, he invented, in 1819, a system of stenography, by the aid of which he was able to give accurate reports of speeches.

—A curious "personal" comes by last steamer from England. A few years ago the financial world was astounded by the failure of OVEREND, GURNEY, & Co. By the death of Mrs. TAYLOR, the divorced wife of JOHN HENRY GURNEY, the lady's fortune of $2,500,000 becomes vested in the trustees of that firm, and will be applied to the benefit of their creditors.

—M. RENAN has been to Rome, where his presence created a lively sensation. He visited the Circolo Cavour, where he was cordially greeted. Being invited to speak, he said a few words complimenting Italy on her resurrection to greatness, and trusted that she and France would continue to emulate each other in the palestra of learning for the purpose of progress and civilization.

—To what tall oaks very minute acorns may grow is instanced in the career of HENRY WILSON, who, after having pegged away until manhood as a cobbler, came to Boston and edited a small paper called the Boston *Whig*; and a small room in a shabby old building constituted his printing-office, editorial sanctum, and dormitory. Thither came, like NICODEMUS by night, CHARLES SUMNER and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, with stealthy steps bringing their contributions to the paper; and there in that humble chamber were plans arranged which grew until SUMNER and WILSON went to the Senate, and ADAMS to England as embassador.

—The artful editor of the Boston *Transcript* expresses, quite flatly, the opinion that some people nowadays seem unwilling to belong to any church which is not broad enough to include the followers of CONFUCIUS, SARDANAPALUS, NIMSHI, Bugaboo, or any other man.

—Grand Duke ALEXIS is mindful of the middies—has been one himself; therefore sendeth he to Naval Academy at Annapolis a superb compass, made in Russia; and five boxes were required for its packing.

—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, the young rogue! now in his eighty-fourth year, talks of coming over to see us all again next year. Sir HENRY has been pretty much every where, seen pretty much every body, done pretty much every thing, dined with more "nobby" people than any man that has lived since the days of RAMISES the First, and now comes to make his final flicker under the folds of the Federal banner—or words to that effect.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE funeral of Major-General Meade, which took place in Philadelphia on the 11th inst., was one of the most imposing ever seen in this country. Among the many distinguished persons present were President Grant and Generals Sherman and Sheridan.

The United States steamboat inspectors having made full inquiry into the cause of the *Bienville* disaster, completely exonerate the company, Captain Maury, and his crew from all blame, and highly commend the captain for his admirable behavior.

Baron Schwarz, the Director-General of the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, having made a special request to have the educational system of the United States fully illustrated at the exposition, a large meeting was held in Washington, D. C., on the 13th inst. in furtherance of the object.

The broad silk weavers in one of the largest mills in Paterson, New Jersey—comprising two hundred men and fifty apprentices—have quit work because the proprietors wished to reduce wages by twenty per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE *Mauritius*—whether the sailing vessel or the steamer of that name is not yet known—was lost recently in the North Channel, off Port Patrick, a seaport town of Scotland. Twenty-three of the persons on board are reported to have been drowned.

The adjourned meeting of the French National Assembly was opened at Versailles on the 11th inst. M. Grévy was re-elected President by a vote of 462 to 43. President Thiers in his message spoke of the republic as the legal form of government, saying that the attempt to form any other would cause a terrible revolution; and implored all theoretical republicans to make sacrifices for their country, which now only needed repose and order to overcome all difficulties.

The German Diet, prorogued in October, was reopened on the 12th inst. The Emperor's speech was read by a cabinet minister. It alluded to the relation of the state to religious societies, touched upon the favorite "Reform bill" of the government, which it was clearly intimated would be carried into effect with slight amendments, and expressed a firm resolve to improve the local administration of the kingdom. The Upper House selected Baron Stolberg, a friend of the government, as president.

The official journals of Germany intimate that in order to secure a majority in the Upper House for the purpose of carrying the Reform bill the Emperor will if necessary create a number of new life peers.

In all the cathedrals of France, on the 17th inst., special prayers were offered in behalf of the National Assembly.

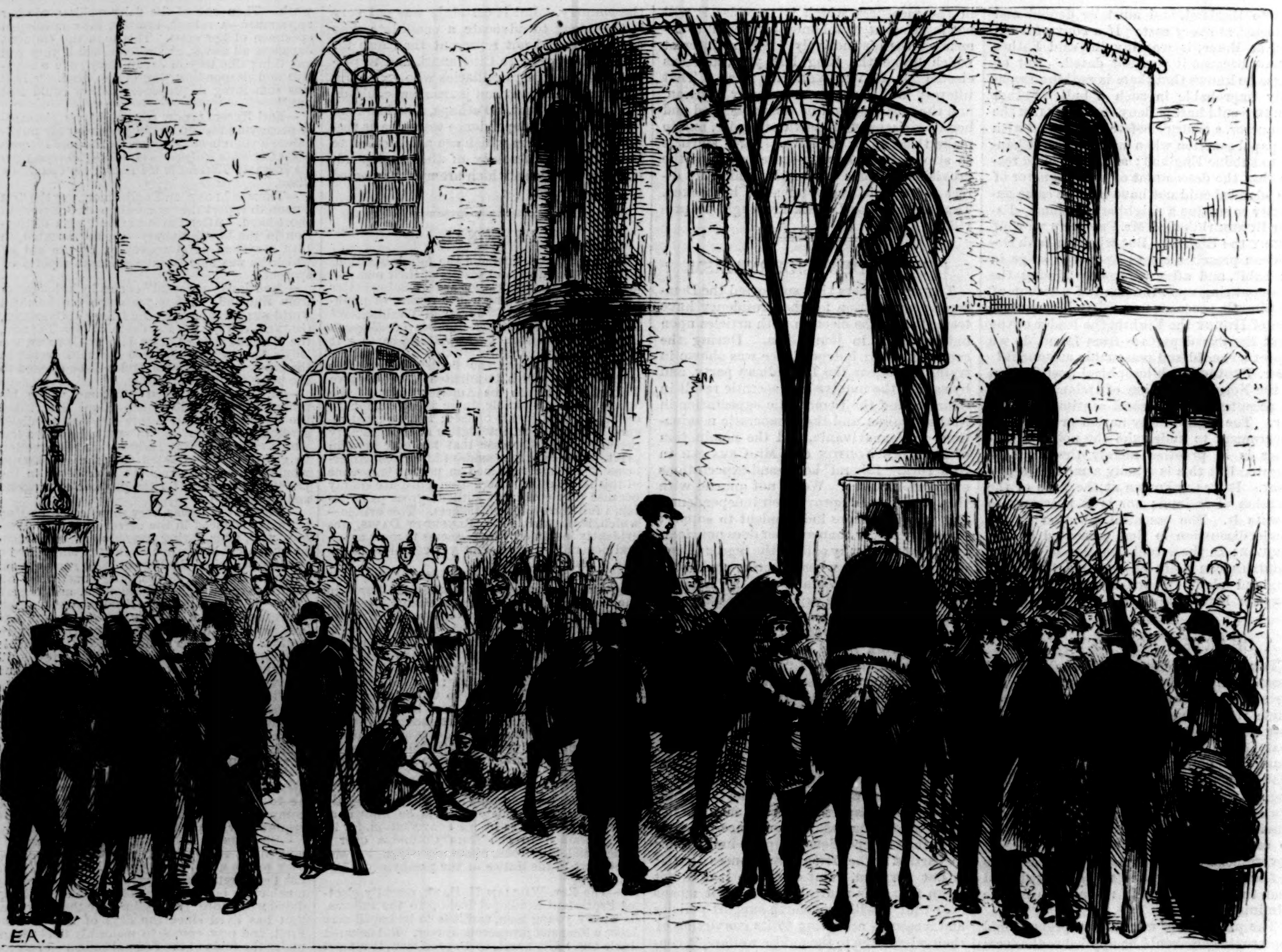
According to the *Gazette de St. Petersbourg*, an official paper, there seems to be trouble brewing between Russia and Khiva. That paper says that the present relations between Russia and Khiva can not be maintained, and furthermore that the safety of the Russian border depends upon those relations.

A coal mine in Staffordshire, England, was overflowed on the 14th inst., and twenty-two men out of thirty-three were drowned.

Heavy gales prevailed off the British and German coasts on the night of the 13th inst., causing the destruction of many vessels and great loss of life. In one harbor alone—that of Stralsund—twelve ships were sunk, and the town completely inundated by water.

The King of Spain is confined to his palace by illness. According to the *Epoca*, of Madrid, serious fears are entertained of a revolt at the arsenal of Cadiz, aided by disaffected parties in that city, and the government is strongly urged to take the necessary precautions against an outbreak.

The Spanish authorities are trying the parties engaged in the late revolt at Ferrol. Several of the ringleaders have been found guilty, and sentenced to death.



BOSTON—HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MILITARY IN THE CITY HALL COURT-YARD.

BOSTON—SCENE IN CHAUNCEY STREET—MERCHANTS DEFENDING THEIR GOODS AGAINST THIEVES AND ROUGHS.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

MILITARY FORCING BACK THE CROWD IN LIBERTY STREET.

OPENING SAFES—THE BOOKS ALL RIGHT.

RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH, SUMMER STREET.

RESUMING BUSINESS—ON THE SITE OF FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE BOSTON FIRE.—[See Page 934.]

THE BOSTON FIRE.

WE devote all our pictorial pages this week to Boston. The nation's sympathy with the people of the devastated city is touchingly expressed in Mr. NAST's beautiful cartoon of Columbia casting aside her laurels at sight of the smouldering ruins. Our double-page illustration gives a splendid bird's-eye view of Boston as it was before the fire. The remaining pictures show the progress of the conflagration and the ruins after the flames had been subdued. Our thanks are due to Messrs. CURRIER & IVES, of this city, for the use of the material for their magnificent bird's-eye view of the city, now in preparation by Messrs. PARSONS and ATWATER; to Mr. CHARLES R. PARSONS and Mr. PAUL FRENZENY for timely and effective sketches, taken while the fire was still raging; and to Mr. J. W. BLACK, the well-known photographer, of Boston, for a large number of splendid photographs.

The fire, which laid in ashes an area of over sixty acres in the very heart of Boston, and destroyed property to the extent of more than a hundred millions of dollars, originated in the lower story of a large granite block on the south-east corner of Summer and Kingston streets. It probably caught from the engine. It was first discovered about a quarter past seven o'clock Saturday evening, the 9th of November. By the time the firemen reached the spot the flames had crept up to the fourth story, and soon burst through the wood-framed Mansard-roof with which the building was surmounted. In a few minutes the whole building was in flames; and the adjoining blocks on Summer and Kingston streets, the buildings on the opposite corner of Summer and Kingston streets, and also the blocks on the corner of Summer and Otis streets, were soon completely enveloped. The flames ran rapidly up Summer Street, and each street opening into it became at once a funnel, through which the fire poured with inconceivable force. Catching at the fatal Mansard-roofs, it went roaring and crackling along the streets, wrapping block after block in flames. The scene was one of dreadful magnificence.

The news of the terrible calamity was flashed over the wires to all the neighboring cities; and from Worcester, Lowell, Andover, Manchester, and even more distant towns trains were started, carrying fire-engines and firemen to assist in subduing the flames. But for this timely aid the disaster might have been of still greater magnitude.

As the fire spread, the wind, which had been comparatively light, rose to a gale. Flaming brands were carried to a vast height by the eddying gusts, and kindled new fires wherever they fell. The narrow and irregular conformation of the streets, the immense height of the buildings, and the overpowering heat, rendered the efforts of the Fire Department unavailing. To approach within working distance of the flames was impossible; the Mansard-roofs, where most of the buildings took fire, were beyond the reach of the most powerful engines; and before midnight it became apparent that the only way to arrest the progress of the fire was to create vacant spaces by blowing up buildings in its path. A large quantity of powder was obtained from the Navy-yard, and buildings on Washington, Devonshire, and Water streets were blown up to check the fire in that direction. To prevent its crossing State Street, in the other direction, a number of buildings were mined on the south side of that street, but before the match was applied the flames were stayed. This was shortly after noon of Sunday.

The general boundaries of the conflagration are as follows: The whole length and both sides of Summer Street, across Federal, and nearly down to Drake's Wharf, and thence in nearly a direct line to Fort Hill, along Hamilton and Battery March to Kilby Street, as far as Lindall and Central streets, and from Milk to Summer on Washington Street. Within these boundaries, an area of nearly seventy acres, every building is consumed. Almost every wholesale shoe and leather and dry-goods and wool establishment in Boston is burned. The new Post-office and Sub-Treasury building was for a long time exposed to the fierce flames and smoke, but was scarcely scarred. This massive fire-proof structure helped greatly in preventing the fire from reaching State Street.

The worst feature of this terrible disaster is the enormous amount of valuable property destroyed. In this respect it has never been equaled, not even by the burning of Chicago. The number of firms and business houses burned out is stated to be 930, and the total loss is variously estimated at from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. But Boston was spared one dreadful feature of the Chicago fire—the spectacle of thousands of families flying in terror from burning houses. The losses fall chiefly upon the rich, while the poorer classes were mercifully spared by the flames, and none of the dwelling portion of the city was touched.

Among the prominent buildings destroyed was Trinity Church, which for many years has been one of the landmarks of Boston. The rapid strides of business having driven the congregation to distant parts of the city, a removal had been for some time under consideration; and it is probable that the fire only anticipated the destruction of the building by other means. In its ruined condition, as may be seen by our illustration on page 933, its walls blackened by smoke and flame, its massive tower standing in solitary grandeur against the sky, it forms one of the most picturesque features of the burned district, resembling some time-worn relic of the feudal ages. Another prominent building was the office of the *Transcript*, situated on Washington Street, a few steps south of Milk Street. The ruins are visible in our general view of the burned district, a short distance to the right of the Old South spire. It had been erected only a few months, and was regarded as a model newspaper establishment. The structure stood a long time almost surrounded by flames, and it really seemed that it would eventually escape. The type and other material had been removed to the basement, where the presses were located, under the belief that the floor of the first story was fire-proof; but when the other floors fell in, that gave way, and the presses, type, and paper were buried beneath a mass of débris. The proprietors of the *Globe* offered the use of their office to their brethren in distress, and the *Transcript* appeared Monday afternoon as usual, as bright, lively, and cheerful as ever. No other daily newspaper office was destroyed. The *Post* building was saved by being sheltered by the new Post-office, but it was for a time in great danger, and in the removal of its material to a place of safety the type was all knocked into the "worst kind of pi." The paper appeared, however, on Monday morning, in a rather dilapidated shape, but on Tuesday was issued as usual.

The old Post-office was burned out, but the mail matter, the delivery boxes, and all other movable material were saved by the energy of the postmaster, as stated further on.

The weeklies suffered more severely. The *Gazette* people were burned out of house and home. With genuine newspaper pluck, editors, compositors, and pressmen stuck to their posts till the last minute, and, when the flames were actually upon them, evacuated the premises with a portion of their edition printed. The fine building of the *Pilot* was also burned, as was that of the new paper, the *Journal of Commerce*.

The general appearance of the ruins after the fire had been subdued is well represented by our picture on page 940, taken from the top of a high building on Washington Street, nearly opposite the Old South Church. Over the wide area made desolate by the flames, says the Boston *Post*, nothing resembling a highway or by-way is to be seen, and only a smouldering débris, made up of the remnants of shattered walls, meets the eye of the spectator as he gazes upon the scene. Huge blocks of granite and marble which only a short time ago lent their beauty and support to the walls of stately edifices lie mingled with the ashes of the fire, and speak only of ruin and desolation. The great thoroughfares of trade, Franklin, Pearl, Federal, Milk, Broad, and Congress streets, the best-built portion of Washington Street, and the principal business squares, all are vanished from the view, and not even a solitary lamp-post or curb-stone remains to tell their former location.

The lines of old familiar thoroughfares are so effectually obliterated that the masters and workmen alike are frequently bewildered, and citizens clambering over the heaps of bricks and granite blocks are utterly lost in places where before the fire they were most at home. One man was seen wandering around what was once the lower part of Water Street, with a sign announcing the present quarters of the Shawmut Bank, busily searching for the site of its building, which was not far from the corner of Congress; and a prominent "shoe man" was heard arguing that Purchase Street, where he was standing, was the upper portion of Pearl.

The day after the fire Boston presented a strange sight. There were pictures of awful desolation and ruin in one section, while others wore an almost holiday appearance. The boundaries of the burned district were marked by an unbroken line of military and policemen, beyond which no citizen or stranger could go without a pass from the chiefs of either the military or the civic guards, or a badge of authority. Pressing against this line all the way around the sixty acres of ruin was a crowd of sight-seers peering curiously into the smoke and dust, pleading for a passage through, or begging for some relic of the great fire; and beyond, in the streets near by, on the piers on one side and the paths of the Common on the other, strangers thronged unceasingly from morning till night, looking contented, interested, and happy, watching the cavalry as they cantered by, examining the wares of itinerant peddlers on the Tremont Mall, studying the smoky sky through the big telescope, or trying the lung-testers—carrying themselves for all the world as if it was a festival they had journeyed to see, rather than the destruction of a great section of a great city by fire.

Every railroad train which arrived during the day brought in crowds of people, whose only object was to gratify their curiosity. By some means a few of these out-of-towners got within the fire limits and among the ruins, and here they lunched on rural viands, or parted with small scrip for "relics" that urchins who had stormed the lines offered for sale—bits of crockery, pieces of fantastically twisted iron, blackened hard-boiled eggs, which it was protested had stiffened in the fiery furnace, strips of charred leather, and other like rubbish.

Early Sunday morning the gas supply was exhausted, owing to copious leaks in numerous sections of the city, the fire having prevented access to the various stop-cocks designed to shut off the supply from the several districts in just such an emergency as had arisen. Sunday and Monday nights Boston was compelled to depend upon kerosene and candles for light. The streets presented a forsaken and desolate appearance, and the few persons abroad moved with cautious steps. At the hotels a novel spectacle was presented as the boarders gathered to read the evening papers. Each individual possessed himself with a tallow dip, and with the printed sheet in one hand and the flickering light in the other, divided his attention between the two.

The worst effect of not being able to shut off the gas when the fire began was the occurrence of severe explosions where the inflammable material had collected in the sewers and in vaults under the ruins. Streets were torn up in many places by the force of these explosions, buildings were damaged, and about twelve o'clock Sunday night a second conflagration was kindled at the upper end of Summer Street, which threatened to renew the fearful scenes of Saturday night and Sunday morning. It was, however, soon subdued, and the danger was over.

During all this trying time the Boston firemen acquitted themselves nobly and heroically. There was no flinching from danger, no failure of hope or courage. The deportment of the people deserves also the warmest commendation. They were orderly and quiet, and when it became necessary to use military force to clear the streets, because the huge crowds could be moved by no other means, this was done without disturbance. There were, of course, isolated scenes of disorder and pillage where merchandise lay in great piles in the streets; but the police, aided by the military, soon put an end to this. The presence of several hundred roughs from New York, who hastened on to have a share in the expected plunder, occasioned some disorder; the admirable police regulations, however, prevented any systematic attempt at marauding. On page 932 will be found an illustration showing the police and military breaking up an attempt at pillage.

The Boston authorities seem at first to have been overwhelmed by the magnitude of the disaster which had suddenly befallen the city, and indecision and hesitation marked the early measures for the subjugation of the fire. Almost the only official who seems to have had his wits about him from the start was the postmaster of the city, General WILLIAM L. BURT. He was early at the scene of the fire, and became convinced that extraordinary methods must be adopted. He went to the City Hall, which was in charge of a watchman, and requested that it might be lighted at once, and ordered that the Mayor should be summoned. He dispatched a messenger to the Navy-yard for a supply of powder and a guard of United States marines to look after the Sub-Treasury, and when the Mayor and Chief DAMRELL held their first consultation he offered to accept their written orders to superintend the blowing up of the buildings, which, in connection with General BENHAM, GEORGE O. CARPENTER, engineers from the Navy-yard, and members of the Fire Department, was successfully accomplished. Satisfied that the Post-office would be destroyed, he removed all the mail matter to the Custom-house, received permission to use Faneuil Hall, and at ten o'clock Monday morning the carriers were on the ground of the burned district ready to deliver letters to the merchants. No regular delivery was omitted on account of the fire. Such a record is most creditable.

The excitement of the first few days having in a measure subsided, the general feeling is one of gratitude and wonder that the disaster was not a thousand times worse. If the fire had once crossed Washington or State street, and got headway in the old sections of the town, nothing short of a miracle could have stopped its ravages. It is a mistake to say that "Boston is in ruins." True, the most magnificent portion of the city was destroyed, but there is still ample house-room for those who are burned out, and thousands of fine shops and warehouses are still unscathed. All the historic relics of which Boston is so proud have been saved. The "Old South" still stands. Only one church and one daily newspaper office were burned. All the important publishers' establishments are saved. The people exhibit buoyancy and courage, and already progress is making toward clearing away the rubbish, and preparing for the rebuilding of the burned district. Every means has been taken to provide work for those who were thrown out of employment, and probably but little suffering among the poor will result from the fire. No crowds of homeless wanderers blockade the streets; no mothers go mourning for their children. The churches are not turned into hospitals, nor does the awful cry for bread rise on the air. One newspaper correspondent suggests even quite a cheerful view of the disaster. The burned district was the grand dépôt for certain kinds of New England manufactures, such as woolens, cotton fabrics, boots and shoes, etc. These industries have recently produced more goods than the country has been able to use; hence stagnation among producers, and probable distress among operatives to come. These overstocks are now swept away, and the factories will find a brisk market. Thus the savage roar of the flames may in some measure be happily drowned by the peaceful, prosperous hum of the spindles.

Several ludicrous incidents which occurred during the fire are recorded in the Boston papers. One middle-aged lady was seen at one time frantically pushing her way among the crowd, crying and shrieking for "Clara," and enlisting every body's sympathy. A thrill of terror went through the multitude at the idea that some human creature was in deadly peril of burning to death, and no intelligence of her whereabouts was to be gained from the half-demented woman before them, who rocked to and fro, sobbing and refusing to be comforted. Presently, with a wild shriek of joy, she darted forward, shouting "Clara, Clara!" and stooped down. Crouching in a corner was a large white cat with singed fur, who, with curved back and swollen tail, stood hissing and spitting with fearful energy. As the old lady stooped to pick her darling up the ungrateful cat flew at her, leaving the marks of her claws on her face, and darted off in mad terror, amidst the jeers, laughter, and hootings of the crowd, her frantic mistress rushing after her with the bonnet flying ensign downward, like a signal of distress.

There was, providentially, but little loss of life. Several brave firemen perished in attempting to rescue others, and one or two private persons are reported to be missing. When we consider the vast area over which the flames swept, and the danger from falling walls and from flying fragments, it is wonderful that more lives were not lost.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the First.

CHAPTER II.

"Best leave or take the perfect creature—
Take all she is, or leave complete;
Transmute you will not form or feature,
Change feet for wings, or wings for feet."

IT was halcyon weather for croquet: not a cloud in the warm summer sky, and promise of a glorious sunset, red and glowing, for "the shepherd's delight." The grass had been shorn that morning, and was soft and thick, and sweet with a thymy perfume; a little uneven here and there, but affording so much the more opportunity for the players to prove themselves superior to small difficulties. The roses and seringa were in their midsummer glory, and from the white walls of the Vicarage came the sweet odors of jasmine and honeysuckle, clematis and myrtle. All sweet-scented flowers seemed to grow here with a wilder luxuriance than Malcolm Forde had ever seen any where else. His own small patrimony was on a northern soil, and all his youthful recollections were of a bleaker land than this.

"An enervating climate, I'm afraid," he said to himself; and it seemed to him that the roses and seringa might be "a snare." There was something stifling in the slumberous summer air, the Arcadian luxury of syllabubs and cream, the verdure and blossoms of this flowery land. He felt as if his soul must needs stagnate, as if life must become too much an affair of the senses, in so sweet and sensuous a clime.

This was but a passing fancy which flashed upon him as he opened the broad white gate and went into the garden, where the four girls, in their white gowns and various ribbons, were scattered on the grass: Blanche striking the last hoop into its place with her mallet; Diana trying a stroke at loose croquet; Gertrude busy at a tea-table placed in the shade of a splendid Spanish chestnut, which spread its branches low and wide, making a tent of greenery beneath which a dozen people could dine in comfort; Elizabeth apart from all the rest, standing by the sun-dial, tall, and straight as a dart, looking like a Greek princess in the days when the gods fell in love with the daughters of earthly kings.

Mr. Forde was not a Grecian god, but a faint thrill stirred his senses at sight of that gracious figure by the sun-dial, nevertheless: only an artist's delight in perfect beauty. The life which he had planned for himself was in most things the life of a monk; but he could not help feeling that Elizabeth Luttrell was perfectly beautiful, and that for a man of a weaker stamp there might be danger in this friendly association, which brought them together somehow two or three times in every week.

"I have known her a year, and she has never touched my heart in the faintest degree," he told himself, with some sense of triumph in the knowledge that he was impervious to such fascinations. "If we were immortal, and could go on knowing each other for thirty years—she forever beautiful and young, I forever in the prime of manhood—I do not think she would be any nearer to me than she is now."

Mr. Forde was the first of the guests. The three girls ran forward to receive him, greeting him with a kind of rapture. It was so good of him to come, they gushed out, simultaneously. They felt as if a saint had come to take the first ball and mallet. Gertrude always gave Mr. Forde the red-ringed balls; she said they reminded her of the rubric.

Elizabeth stirred not at all. She stood by the sun-dial, her face to the west, contemplative or simply indifferent, Mr. Forde could not tell which. Did she see him, he wondered, and deliberately refrain from greeting him? Or was she so lost in thought as to be unconscious of his presence? Or did she resent his little lecture of that morning? She could hardly do that, he considered, when they had parted in perfect friendship.

"It is so good of you to be punctual," said Gertrude, making a pleasant little jingling with the china tea-cups; the best china, all blue and gold, hoarded away in the topmost of cupboards, wrapped in much silver paper, and only taken down for festive tea-drinkings like this.

It was not a kettle-drum tea, but a rustic feast rather. There was a round table, covered with a snowy table-cloth, and laden with home produce: a pound-cake of golden hue; preserved fruits of warm red and amber tint in sparkling cut-glass jars; that standing dish on west-country tables, a junket; home-made bread, with the rich brown kissing crust that never comes from the hireling baker's oven; tea-cakes of feathery lightness; butter which to the epicure might have been worth a journey from London to Devonshire; and for the crowning glory of the banquet a capacious basket of strawberries and a bowl of clotted cream.

"The Melvins are always late," said Diana; "but we are not going to let you wait for your tea, Mr. Forde—are we, Gertrude? Here comes Ann with the kettle."

This silver tea-kettle was the pride of the Luttrell household. It had been presented to Mr. Luttrell at the close of his ministrations in a former parish, and was engraved with the Luttrell coat of arms in all the splendor of its numerous quarterings. A spirit-lamp burned beneath this sacred vessel, which Gertrude tended as care-

fully as if she had been a vestal virgin watching the immortal flame.

Mr. Forde insisted that they should wait for the rest of the company. He did not languish for that cup of tea wherewith Miss Luttrell was eager to refresh his tired frame. Perhaps in such a moment his thoughts may have glanced back to the half-forgotten mess table and its less innocent banquets: the long table, glittering in the low sunshine, with its bright array of fairy glass and costly silver—was not his corps renowned for its taste in these trifles?—the pleasant familiar faces, the talk and laughter. Time was when he had lived his life, and that altogether another life, differing in every detail from his existence of to-day, holding not one hope, or dream, or project which he cherished now. He could look back at those idle pleasures, those aimless days, without the faintest sigh of regret. Saddened, discouraged, faint-hearted, he had often been since this pilgrimage of his was begun; but never for one weak moment had he looked longingly back.

He said a few words to Blanche, who blushed and sparkled, and answered him in little gasps, with upward worshiping gaze, as if he had been indeed an apostle; talked with Diana for five minutes or so about the choir—she played the harmonium in St. Mary's, the older of the two churches, which did not boast an organ; and then strolled across the grass to the sun-dial, where Lizzie was still standing in mute contemplation of the western sky.

They shook hands almost silently. He did not intend to apologize for what he had said that morning. If the reproof had stung her, so much the better. He had meant to reprove. And yet it pained him a little to think that he had offended her. How lovely she was as she stood before him, smiling, in the western sunshine! He never remembered having seen any thing so beautiful, except a face of Guido's—the face of the Virgin-mother—in a Roman picture-gallery. That smile relieved his mind a little. She could hardly be offended.

"You have had a fatiguing day, I suppose, with your sick people?" she said, suddenly, after a few words about the beauty of the evening and the unpunctuality of their friends. "Do you know, I have been thinking of what you said to me this morning all day long, and I begin to feel that I must do something. It seems almost as if I had had what evangelical people describe as 'a call.' I should really like to do something. I don't suppose any good will come of it—I know it is not my line—and I am rather sorry you tried to awaken my slumbering conscience. But you must tell me what I am to do. I am your pupil, you know—your Madame De Chantal, St. Francis!"

She looked up at him with her thrilling smile—the deep violet eyes just lifted for a moment to his own with a glance which was swift and sudden as the flight of an arrow. He thought of old stories of sorcery in dark medieval ages, and that those legends should be read the reverse way. It was surely the nuns who bewitched the monks, if there were any such women as Elizabeth Luttrell in those ancient sisterhoods.

"I think your father is more than competent to advise you," he answered, gravely.

"Oh, no man is a prophet in his own country," she said, carelessly. "I should never think of talking to papa about spiritual things; we have too many painful interviews upon the subject of pocket-money. If you want to reclaim me, you must help me a little, Mr. Forde. But perhaps I am not worth the trouble?"

"You can not doubt that I should be glad to be of use to you. But it would be presumption on my part to dictate. Your own good sense will prompt you, and you have an admirable counselor in your sister Gertrude, my best district visitor."

"I should never submit to be drilled by Gertrude. No; if you won't help me, I must wait for inspiration. As for district visiting, I can't tell you how I hate the very notion of it. If there were another Crimean war now, I should like to go out as a nursing sister, especially if"—she looked at him with another briefly mischievous glance—"if there were nice people to nurse."

"I'm afraid young ladies whose inclinations point to a military theatre are hardly in the right road," he said, coldly.

He felt that she was trifling with him, and was inclined to be angry. He walked away from the sun-dial toward the hall door, from which Mr. Luttrell was slowly emerging—an elderly gentleman, tall and stout, with a still handsome face framed in silky gray whiskers, and a slightly worn-out air, as of a man who had mistaken his vocation, and never quite recovered his discovery of the mistake.

"Very good of you to come and play croquet with my children, Forde," he said, in his good-natured lazy way—he had called them children when they were all in the nursery, and he called them children still—"especially as I don't think it's particularly in your line. Oh, here come the Melvins and Miss Harrison; so I suppose we are to begin tea, in order that you may have an hour's daylight for your game?"

Elizabeth had walked away from the sun-dial in an opposite direction, smiling softly to herself. It was something to have made him angry. She had seen the pale dark face flush hotly for a moment; a sudden fire kindled in the deep gray eyes. In the morning he had confessed himself interested in her welfare; in the evening she had contrived to provoke him. That was something gained at least.

"He is not quite a block of stone," she thought.

She did not trouble herself to come forward and welcome the Melvin party, any more than she had troubled herself to greet Mr. Forde, but came strolling across the grass toward the tea-table presently, when every one else was seated—the guests here and there under the chestnut branches, while Gertrude sat at the table dispensing the tea-cups, with Frederick Melvin in attendance. Mr. Melvin was the eldest son of the chief solicitor of Hawleigh, in partnership with his father, and vaguely supposed to be eligible from a matrimonial point of view. He was a young man who had an unlimited capacity for croquet, vingt-et-un, table-turning, and small flirtations; spent all his spare hours on the river Tabor, and seemed hardly at home out of a suit of boating flannels. He was indifferently in love with the four Miss Luttrells, with a respectful leaning toward Elizabeth, as the beauty; and he was generally absorbed by the flippant Blanche. His sister Laura sang well, and did nothing else to particularize herself in the minds of her acquaintance. She was fond of music, and discoursed learnedly of symphonies and sonatas, adagios in C flat and capriccios in F double sharp, to the terror of the uninitiated. Miss Harrison was a cousin, whose people were of the gentleman-farmer persuasion, and who came from a sleepy old homestead up the country to stay with the Melvins, and intoxicate her young senses with the dissipations of Hawleigh market-place. The Melvins lived in the market-place, in a big square brick house picked out with white—a house with three rows of windows, five in a row, a flight of steps, and a green door with a brass knocker; the very house, one would suppose, upon which all the dolls' houses ever manufactured have been modeled. She was not a very brilliant damsel; and when she had been asked how she liked Hawleigh after the country, and how she liked the country after Hawleigh, and whether she liked Hawleigh or the country best, conversation was apt to languish.

Mr. Forde, who was sitting a little in the background, talking to Mr. Luttrell, rose and gave his chair to Elizabeth—the last comer. He brought another for himself, and sat down again and went on with his talk; while Frederick Melvin worshiped at Elizabeth's shrine, offering tea and pound-cake and strawberries and unutterable devotion.

"I wish you'd go and flirt with Blanche," she said, coolly. "No, thanks; I don't want any strawberries. Now please don't sprinkle a shower of them on my dress; I shall have to wear it a week. How awkward you are!"

"Who could help being awkward?" pleaded the youth, blushing. "Sir Charles Grandison would have made a fool of himself in your society."

"I don't know any thing about Sir Charles Grandison, and I don't believe you do, either. That's the way with you young men; you get the names of people and things out of the *Saturday Review*, and pretend to know every thing under the sun."

"Wasn't he a fellow in some book—*Pamela*, or *Joseph Andrews?* something of Smollett's—some sort of rubbish in sixteen volumes? Nobody reads it nowadays."

"Then I wouldn't quote it, if I were you. But the *Saturday Review* is the modern substitute for the Eton Latin Grammar. Please go and flirt with Blanche. You always stand so close to one, making a door-mat of one's dress!"

"Oh, very well; I'll go and talk to Blanche. But remember"—this with a threatening air—"when you want to go on the Tabor—"

"You'll take me, of course. I know that. Run and play, that's a dear child!"

He was her senior by three years, but she gave herself ineffable airs of superiority notwithstanding. Perhaps she was not displeased to exhibit even this trumpery swain before the eyes of Malcolm Forde, who went on talking of parish matters with her father, as if unconscious of her presence. Very little execution was done upon the pound-cake or the syllabub. The atmosphere was too heavily charged with flirtation for any serious consumption of provisions. It is the people who have done with the flowers and sunshine of life who make most havoc among the lobster-salads and raised pies at a picnic; for whom the bouquet of the Moselle is a question of supreme importance; who know the difference between a hawk and a hern in the way of claret.

So, after a little trifling with the dainty cates Miss Luttrell had hospitably provided, the young people rose for the business of the evening.

"Wouldn't you rather have a cigar and a glass of claret here under the chestnut?" said Mr. Luttrell, as Malcolm Forde prepared to join them.

"That would be a breach of covenant," answered the curate, laughing. "I was invited for croquet. Besides, I really enjoy the game; it's a sort of substitute for billiards."

"A dissipation you have renounced," said the vicar, in his careless way. "You modern young men are regular Trappists!"

Whereby it will be seen that Wilmot Luttrell was of the Broad-Church party—a man who had hunted the Devonian red deer in his time, who had still a brace of Joe Mantons in his study, was good at fly-fishing, and did not object to clerical billiards or a social rubber.

They played for a couple of hours in the balmy summer evening, the Luttrell girls and their four visitors—played till the sunlight faded into dusk, and the dusk deepened into the soft June night, which was hardly night, but rather a tender mixture of twilight and star-shine. Gertrude had taken Mr. Forde for the leader of her side, Miss Harrison and Blanche Luttrell making up their four. The Beauty headed a skirmishing party, that incorrigible Frederick for her supporter, Di Luttrell and Laura Melvin bringing up the rear. To her Malcolm Forde addressed no word throughout the little tournament. It may have been because he had no opportunity; for she was laughing and talking more or less all the time, in the wildest spirits, with the young solicitor perpetually at her elbow. And Gertrude had a great deal to say to her pastor; chiefly on the subject of her parish work, and a little of a more vague and metaphysical nature concerning the impressions produced upon her mind by his last Sunday evening's sermon. He listened kindly and respectfully, as in duty bound, but that frivolous talk and laughter upon the other side worried him not a little. Never had Elizabeth seemed to him so vulgarly provincial; and he was really interested in her, as indeed it was his duty to be interested in the welfare of his vicar's daughters.

"It is all the father's fault," he said to himself; "I do not believe he has ever made the faintest attempt to train them."

And then he thought what an estimable young person Gertrude must be to have evolved out of her inner consciousness, as it were, all that serious and practical piety which made her so valuable to him in his ministrations. As to the future careers of the other three—of Blanche, who talked slang, and seemed to consider this lower world designed to be a perpetual theatre for flirtation; of Diana, who was selfish and idle, and set up a pretense of weak health as a means of escaping all the cares and perplexities of existence; of Elizabeth, who appeared in her own character to embody all the faults and weaknesses he had ever supposed possible to a woman—of the manner in which these three were to tread the troubled paths of life he could only think with a shudder. Poor lampless virgins, straying blindly into the darkness!

Yet, measured by a simply sensuous standard, how sweet was that low rippling sound of girlish laughter; how graceful the white-robed figure moving lightly in the summer dusk; how exquisite the dark blue eyes that looked at him in the starlight, when the game was ended, and the Church Militant, as Blanche said, pertly, had been triumphant over the Devil's Own, in the person of the mild-eyed Frederick Melvin! Mr. Forde's unerring stroke, mathematically correct as the pendulum, had brought them home, in spite of some rather feeble playing on the part of Gertrude, whose mind was a little too much occupied by last Sunday evening's sermon.

Mr. Luttrell had strolled up and down the garden walk, smoking his cigar, and had loitered a little by the holly hedge, talking to some people in the road, while the croquet-players amused themselves. He came forward now to propose an adjournment to the house, and a claret-cup. So they all went crowding into a long, low room with a couple of bow-windows, a room which was lined with book-shelves on one side, containing Taylor and Hooker, and Barrow and Tillotson, and South and Venn, and other ecclesiastical volumes, freely intermingled with a miscellaneous collection of secular literature; a room which served Mr. Luttrell as a library, but which was nevertheless the drawing-room. There was a grand piano by one of the bow-windows—a piano which had been presented to Diana by a wealthy aunt and godmother, and the brand-new walnut-wood case whereof was in strong contrast with the time-worn old chairs and tables; the chiffoniers of the early Georgian era; the ponderous old cane-seated sofa, with its chintz-covered pillows and painted frame—a pale, pale green picked out with gold that was fast vanishing away. The attenuated crystal girandoles upon the high wooden mantel-shelf were almost as old as the invention of glass; the Chelsea shepherd and shepherdess had been cracked over and over again, but held together as if by a charmed existence. The Derbyshire Spa vases were relics of a dead-and-gone generation. The mock Venetian mirror was of an almost forgotten fashion and a quite extinct manufacture. Blanche vowed that Noah and his wife, when they kept house before the flood, must have had just such a drawing-room.

Yet this antiquated chamber seemed in nowise displeasing to the sight of Mr. Forde as he came in from the star-lit garden. He liked it a great deal better than many finer rooms in which he was a rare but welcome visitor, just as he preferred the ill-kept Vicarage lawn and flower borders to the geometrical parterres of millionaire cloth manufacturers or pompous squires on the outskirts of Hawleigh.

Frederick Melvin and his sister pleaded for a little music, upon which the usual family concert began: a showy fantasia by Gertrude, correctly played, with a good firm finger, and not a spark of expression from the first bar to the bang, bang, *bang!* at the end; then a canzonet from Blanche, of the "Oh, 'tis merry when the cherry and the blossom and the berry, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la" school, in a thin little soprano; then a sonata—Beethoven's *Adieu*—by Miss Melvin, which Mr. Forde thought the longest adieu he had ever been obliged to listen to. He lost patience at last, and went over to Elizabeth, whose ripe, round mezzo-soprano tones he languished to hear.

"Won't you sing something?" he asked.

"What! does not singing come within your catalogue of forbidden pleasures—a mere idle waste of time—lotus-eating, in short?"

"You know that I do not think any thing of the kind. Why do you try to make me out what I have never pretended to be—an ascetic, or worse, a Pharisee? Is it only because I am anxious you should be of a little more use to your fellow-creatures?"

"And of course singing can be no use, unless I went about among your cottage people leading off hymns."

"Does that mean that you won't sing to-night?" he asked, in his coldest tone.

"Yes."

"Then I'll wish you good-night. I've no doubt the music we've been hearing is very good in its way, but it's hardly my way. Good-night. I'll slip away quietly without disturbing your friends."

He was close to the open bow-window, that farthest from the piano, and went out unnoticed, while Miss Melvin and her cousin, Miss Harrison, were debating whether they should or should not play the overture to *Zampa*. He went out of the window, and walked slowly across the grass, but had hardly reached the sun-dial when he heard the voice he knew so well swell out rich and full in the opening tones of a ballad he loved, a plaintive lament called *Ettrick*.

"O murmuring waters, have you no message for me?"

He stopped by the sun-dial, and heard the song to the end; heard Fred Melvin supplicating for another song, and Elizabeth's impatient refusal—"She was tired to death," with a little nervous laugh.

He went away after this, not offended, only wondering that any woman could be so willful, could take so much pains to render herself unwomanly and unlovable. He thought how keenly another man, whose life was differently planned, might have felt this petty slight—how dangerous to such a man's peace Elizabeth Luttrell might have been; but that was all. He was not angry with her.

What would he have thought if he could have seen Elizabeth Luttrell half an hour later that night, if he could have seen her fall on her knees by one of the little French beds in the room that she and Blanche occupied together, and bury her face in the counterpane and burst into a passion of tears?

"What is the matter, Liz—what is it, darling?" cries Blanche the impulsive.

The girl answers nothing, but sobs out her brief passion, and then rises, calm as a statue, to confront her sister.

"If you are going to worry me, Blanche, I shall sleep in the passage," she exclaims, in impatient rebuke of the other's sympathetic caress. "There's nothing the matter. I'm tired, that's all, and that absurd Fred of yours has persecuted me so all the evening."

"He's no Fred of mine, and I think you rather encouraged his persecutions," said Blanche, with an aggrieved air. "I'm sure I can't make you out, Lizzie. I thought you liked Mr. Forde, and yet you quite snubbed him to-night."

"Snubbed him!" cried Elizabeth. "As if any body could snub St. Paul!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE boy, when asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, said, "I do not hurt myself at it." "Ah," said the lady, "you must study hard or you will never be President of the United States." "No, ma'am!" cried the boy; "but I don't expect to be; I'm a Democrat."

BY AN IRISHMAN, WHO IS TRYING BANTING, TO HIS BELOVED—"Will you love me thin as now?"

There is a young man who is said to have lost money by betting—on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started would not stir, while its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason: his friend had a hot plate.

A fashionable young lady dropped one of her false eyebrows in a church pew, and badly frightened a young man next to her, who thought it was his mustache.

TUNEFUL LYRE—A music-teacher who does not keep his engagements.

A cynical old bachelor, who believes that a woman has something to say on all subjects, recently asked a friend, "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" The lady responded, calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

MOTTO FOR GROCERS—Honest tea is the best policy.

Medical men are warned not to ask a certain minister to preach to them. He preached a sermon recently on a great ceremony day, and chose his text thus, of course only from the fact that the word physician occurred, and did not study the context: "In his disease Asa sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

A soldier can not be even half a soldier if he is in quarters.

Those who go round with the contribution box in Californian churches plead and argue the case in the pews as they go along. The following dialogue, it is said, took place between one of these gentry and an honest-looking miner. Deacon L—— extended the box to Bill, who slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give something," says the deacon. "Can't do it," said Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, good enough; but I am not able to give any thing," answered Bill. "Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give me a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than any one else." "That's true, deacon, but he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors."

Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries for-tune.

A leading lecturer classifies his audience as follows: the "still-attentives," the "quick-responsives," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "get-up-and-go-outs."

The medicine chest of one of the abandoned Arctic whalers was broken open by some of the Esquimau natives, who, thinking they had found a prize, proceeded to swallow the contents of the bottles. The survivors describe the result as startling, for the doses were too large for the constitution of even an Esquimau. Several of the partakers died, and others wanted to, but couldn't.

A FIRESIDE TAIL.—The cat's.

An Irish immigrant, just arrived in the States, read the following in his paper: "The flannel-mouthed poll-parrot of the Paoli *Scavenger* has too long roosted in the shadow of our good nature. Let him beware. Forbearance is no longer a virtue. We shall set his dainty plumage scurrying on the four winds of heaven, and give his bloated carcass to the vultures." Soon after perusing this he went to look over the printing-office of a paper by invitation. Contemplating the machine at full speed for a time, he exclaimed to his companion, "Holy mother of Moses! as the Americans abuse each other by machinery, it's no wonder they pitch it so strong!"

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOSTON, SHOWING THE BURNED DISTRICT.—By Permission

Permission of Currier & Ives, from Sketches by C. R. Parsons.—[See Page 934.]

THE CITY.

ROMAN CATHOLIC POLITICS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

In the new era of political progress that awaits us one principle may be held as settled. With unexampled unanimity the nation has determined that it will no longer live in delusions and pleasant falsehoods, but will know its dangers and their utmost consequences. It demands to know the truth. Politicians will no longer be suffered to repeat calumnies of which they have no trace of proof without being punished by the contempt of the people, nor of assailing the fame of innocent men without themselves being branded as slanderers. They will not be permitted to delude the country with falsehoods that may lead it to its own ruin; to represent the leaders of the Ku-Klux conspiracy as the heralds of conciliation and reform; to point to the Tammany Society, still teeming with its ominous names and memories, as a centre of honesty; to mislead the ignorant and deceive the unsuspecting, or to represent the nation as on the high-road to peace and union when it stands on the brink of anarchy and endless disorder. When the Romans were defeated at Thrasymene, the senate said to the people, "We have been beaten in a great battle;" when NAPOLEON and GAMBETTA related to Paris the victories of the Germans, they covered up their disasters in a cloud of falsehood.

The city of New York has long suffered from a series of deceptions. We have blinded ourselves to the sources of our danger, and refused to admit the real causes of our political and moral decay. Our politicians have formed corrupt alliances to purchase votes; our press has labored never to give offense to subscriber or to advertiser; a feeble delicacy has striven to exclude religion from politics, and to avoid touching the sensibilities of a ruling sect; the most important interests of the community have been sacrificed to the fear of awakening sectarian discord, until at last we were aroused from our lethargy by the discovery of approaching ruin—by a bankrupt treasury, an enormous taxation, and a reign of profligacy and of crime. Yet the cause of nearly all our civic evils, we must now admit, has been the mastery assumed in every election by a large body of uneducated voters, the members or adherents of a foreign Church. The Irish Catholics are, or have long been, the most active of our politicians. They have poured in upon us from the Old World, ignorant, superstitious beyond belief, teeming with European prejudices, thoughtless of the requirements of freedom. They rush at once to the polls so soon as the law permits; they vote at the dictation of priests and politicians; they clamor for office; they feed upon the city treasury; from their blind support has sprung up a shameless judiciary, a class of office-holders to which no other city can offer a parallel, a series of officials covered with peculation and rioting in ill-gotten wealth. They have assailed and debased the public schools, fill the almshouse and the jail, cluster together in disreputable haunts in idleness and want, refuse to accept that competence and ease which American education and honest industry offer them. Yet no man ventures to tell them of their error, and neither Romish priest nor Irish politician interferes to save his deluded countrymen from themselves.

To educate this neglected class of our citizens into decency and good order must be the aim of our city reformers; to deprive them of their political influence, so hurtful and dangerous, all other classes of the people must combine to oppose them at the polls. It is impossible any longer to remain blind to the truth. The Irish vote has been the source of our chief misfortunes. The Romish Church has thrown into our midst a population over which it rules with cruel rigor. The Irish alone are kept in ignorance and barbarism, while the educated German, Norwegian, or Swede soon matures into an honest and useful citizen. A compulsory system of education can alone raise the Irishman to a level with his fellow-emigrants, and in the public school and an enforced instruction will be found the only means of regenerating the Celtic race. To prevent this elevation and reform of their countrymen among us will continue, as it has always been, the chief aim of Romish priests and Irish politicians. To debase and enfeeble the public schools the Tammany Society has labored; the Irish politicians have forced themselves or their adherents into the boards of Education, Emigration, and all the public institutions; and with that cunning which belongs to the lower grades of civilization, the Romish Church has employed all its intrigue and its arts to retain its people in ignorance. Democrats have been made the instruments of the papal faction. Republicans of feeble honesty were first bribed and then intimidated. The city and the State fell under the control of the papal rulers. The Jesuits governed, perhaps still rule, in New York. It is a remarkable trait in the dangerous condition of our community that Irish Catholics control the most important branches of the government. An uncultivated yet active Catholic is president of the Board of Education; its clerk, who controls the chief business of the public schools, and is the most influential of its officers, who distributes the moneys and governs the course of instruction, is also an extreme Romanist, was selected for his office to satisfy the demands of the Jesuitical faction of the Romish priesthood, and a predecessor was removed because he retained sufficient honesty to refuse to obey the commands of the priests.

Another highly important board is that of Emigration. Here, too, under the rule of the Tammany Society and its agents, the Romish faction has long held a complete control. Its president is the Counsel to the Corporation, a rigid and busy Romanist, whose career in peace and war is familiar to many. The majority in the board are Irish Catholics. A German minority has strenuously opposed their worst measures, has preserved some elements of good order in the public institutions, has checked all open corruption; and to the devoted labors of Mr. WILLY WALLACH, the most active of the German members, the community owes a lasting gratitude. He alone has, perhaps, protected the emigration fund from utter waste, and has saved the emigrant from many ills. Yet even the remarkable labors of Mr. WALLACH, amidst the opposition, the slights, and often open insults of his Romish colleagues and the Romish priests, have failed to prevent the disastrous influence of a priestly rule. The chief officials of the board are all Roman Catholics. Castle Garden and Ward's Island are in the hands of a throng of Irish clerks and servants; abuses, it is said, prevail in all the departments; the infamous emigrant runner is admitted to undue privileges if he has Democratic influence; the stores are purchased at improper prices; the priests labor to make proselytes; the Protestant emigrants, who pay one-half of the emigration money, are deprived of their proper advantages; a large sum ($35,000) has been taken from the common fund to build a Romish chapel on Ward's Island, while the Protestants are provided only with an upper room; and all the petty and puerile arts of priestly intrigue are employed to maintain the Catholic ascendency in the various institutions.

The same religious control is preserved in the very important Board of Public Charities and Correction. Two of the five commissioners are Roman Catholics; all belong to the faction which has ruled the city by the Irish vote. The recent painful disclosures of the condition of the lunatic asylum under their charge give no pleasant assurance as to the management of the department; its expenses have been enormously increased; the almshouse and the prisons are stated to have become centres of political corruption; and a rigid inquiry into the conduct of the commissioners must certainly lead to important reforms. We have scarcely leisure to notice the various other departments of the city government. The city treasury was long in the hands of the foreign faction; the Controller and the City Chamberlain were Roman Catholics; the boards of Aldermen and Supervisors were nearly all of the same faith, nearly all born in Ireland; the Mayor and the chief officials were their active instruments. The Board of Public Works has, we believe, been renewed and checked in its wastefulness; the costly and useless Dock Commission still continues to weigh upon the resources of the impoverished city; the public trials have disclosed the monstrous frauds that have prevailed in the financial department; the lavish gifts to Roman Catholic schools and asylums will probably be restrained; the government of the city will in future, it may be hoped, become non-sectarian in its character; and a purer class of officials may bring honesty and intelligence to all its departments. Yet we think the instances we have given out of the chaotic elements of our city government show plainly that the introduction of religion into politics has long been an active reality; that a clerical party has grown up among us as eager for power, and far more successful, than as that which to-day embarrasses Italy or Spain; that it maintains itself upon the ignorance of its followers, and is resolved to permit no honest government to exist among us.

It would, no doubt, prove no uninstructive labor both for ourselves and for all other cities to trace the corrupting influence of this clerical faction through the judiciary, which it gradually reduced to contempt or infamy both in the lower and the highest courts; through the police, which it has corrupted; to the sheriff's office or the various branches of the law, where it has taught its own immorality; but it may suffice to notice a single instance of the dangers of a clerical rule. It is well known that during the height of its power, a year or more ago, the governing faction, covered with fraud and robbery, used the courts and its justices to intimidate those who ventured to ask for inquiry and reform. Arrests, injunctions, orders, a law restraining the liberty of the press, threats against editors, and menaces of the police, were employed openly to stop complaint; and the plunderers fondly hoped that they might shelter themselves behind the tribunals in which they had placed their own instruments. The courts, the sheriff, the officers, the attorneys, have often been united in acts of singular oppression. One humble sufferer, one instance of judicial murder, may well attract attention. We have among us a class of civil justices, usually ignorant and depraved politicians, who enjoy enormous salaries, and are endowed with dangerous authority. They have the power of arrest. A poor German tailor was prevented by sickness from paying his rent. He had a wife and several children. He owed $40. Finding no employment here, he was about to go to London in search of a support, when a Democratic civil justice issued an illegal order for his arrest. He was taken in Hoboken, his passage lost, and he was forced to return to the city. The justice now issued another order, equally illegal with the former, and the unlucky tailor was imprisoned in Ludlow Street jail. His wife and children were left dependent upon charity; a generous friend gave them a temporary shelter; but the children perished in their misery. The wife had nearly shared their fate. Meanwhile a benevolent lawyer, hearing the story of the false imprisonment, resolved to procure the prisoner's release. He was brought before Justice CARDOZO; but now the whole weight of the corrupt judiciary was enlisted to keep him in jail. The civil justice was a Tammany politician; the sheriff opposed the motion; a notorious legal firm lent their aid; the sick and sorrowful prisoner was sent back to his cell. The justice, it seems, feared a suit for damages. Again the benevolent lawyer brought his client before another justice, offering to prove the illegality of his imprisonment; again he was opposed by the sheriff and his "eminent" legal advisers: the prisoner was once more remanded to jail. The courts, it seems, forgot that they had an equitable jurisdiction, and might justly defend the liberty of every citizen. He was next brought before Justice INGRAHAM; was sent back to prison for eight days; was then released, after seventy days of illegal detention. He brought a suit against the civil justice who had issued the illegal warrant. The judge before whom it was tried labored to excuse the action of his fellow-judges, and the unhappy tailor received only an insufficient compensation. Thus the deaths of two children, the misery of a humble family, the violation of the liberty of the citizen, were effected by the corrupt union of judge, sheriff, and counsel; and false imprisonment was no unusual instrument of intimidation, it is stated, in the days of the Tammany rule.

If the courts were sunk into contempt under our foreign rulers, still more fatal was their influence on the public schools. From its renewal in 1842 until 1869 our system of public instruction had proved singularly successful. Every year the number of scholars was largely increased, new school-houses were built, and the people looked with natural pride upon their host of intelligent children. But the Romish priests had now resolved to destroy this American institution. The Board of Education fell under Catholic control; the school trustees, often ignorant, superstitious, vicious, were selected to satisfy the priests; teachers were chosen because they were Catholics; the Protestant teachers were annoyed or discouraged; the Bible was excluded from many of the schools; the school system was itself attacked and decried by the Romish priesthood. At last Roman Catholic schools were established in every part of the city, and are still supported from the city funds. A dangerous wound has been given to the American system of public instruction. The number of children taught in the public schools has rapidly decreased; there are thousands less on the school registers than there should be in the usual proportion to the growth of the population, and an immense mass of ignorance is rising each day among us. In 1868 the number of children taught in the grammar and primary schools exceeded 196,000; in 1871 it was less than 188,000, showing a decrease of 8000 in the three years. In the three years preceding 1868 there was an increase of over 11,000; at the same rate of increase our schools should have 26,000 more children than now appear upon the registers. In 1869 and 1870 no new school-houses were built. The Romish priests drove the children to St. Gabriel's or St. Joseph's; the money of the city has been misapplied to the support of the Romish schools; our Catholic Board of Education, its president and secretary, connive at the ruin of the national system of instruction, and our papal rulers will be content with nothing less than the total destruction of the American plan of education.

It is plain that the friends of knowledge and of good morals have been overborne by an uncultivated class of foreigners; that the real condition and the true wants of our city must now be plainly considered. The only remedy for the evils of ignorance is a compulsory system of education. We can never hope for a well-governed city until we have passed its whole population through the alembic of the public school. We can never look for an honest or safe administration of our city affairs until the influence of the Romish priesthood is sternly excluded from all its departments. We can have no purity in politics so long as our party leaders labor to purchase the Irish vote, or any other, by bribes and dishonest compromises. New York should take the first place in the ranks of the new reformers; should be the boldest in the maintenance of American honesty and truthfulness against the secret intrigues of papal priests and uneducated foreigners. It is still the last stronghold of Romish corruption. Let its people unite to throw off the foreign yoke, and make the metropolis of the New World an American city.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Union Pacific Railroad is preparing for snow-storms. At Omaha there is being built an immense snow-plow, the largest and most powerful in the world. The monster will weigh fifty tons, and its entire length is thirty-two feet. It will cost $5000, and will doubtless prove efficacious in clearing out the most stubborn drifts; but if it ever jumps the track, what an undertaking it will be to get it on again!

It is reported that the Sophomores and Freshmen of Harvard College have actually signed an agreement to put a stop to "hazing." This is a step in the right direction.

Gérôme and Boulanger, two well-known painters, have left Paris, with about half a score of their pupils, for Algeria, where they propose to reside for six months, in order to reproduce the most picturesque sites, and any African scenes that may seem worthy of notice.

A society for the protection of animals has been organized at Turin, akin in its nature to that formed here by Mr. Bergh. Travelers in Italy often speak of the inhumanity shown there to dumb beasts, so there is doubtless need for such a society.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, proposes to mark the first twenty-five years of the life of the church by an appropriate memorial—a memorial not to glorify either church or pastor, but as a grateful offering to God for the years of bounty and blessing. This will consist in a permanent fund of $50,000, the interest of which shall be forever appropriated to paying all the running expenses of the Bethel and Navy missions. Plymouth Church owns the buildings of these two useful missions and the ground on which they stand, free from debt, and their current expenses are paid out of the church contributions. But it was thought no better thing could be done than to secure their independence from possible contingencies by a permanent fund for the use of both missions.

Justin M'Carthy thinks that a visit to Abbotsford is a rather melancholy pilgrimage, notwithstanding all the glorious memories that forever cling around the house. All the race of Walter Scott have passed away excepting one great-granddaughter—a girl of nineteen years, and, strange to say, she is a Roman Catholic, though it was the hope of Scott himself to have his name identified with Protestantism. Sir Walter's granddaughter, the last survivor of the family, married Hope, a great Parliamentary lawyer and a Roman Catholic, and he, inheriting Abbotsford through her, took the name of Scott in addition to his own. Mrs. Hope Scott died many years ago, leaving the one daughter mentioned.

To what extent the horse may be endowed with any power of reasoning may be a question; but the intelligence he sometimes exhibits is certainly something more than instinct. Some months ago a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable. In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse, which seemed touched by the distress of the dog. He bent his head and inspected the broken leg; with his forefeet pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog. An affectionate intimacy was at once established between the horse and the dog. One day, when the horse was eating the bran mash which formed part of his feed, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough. For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore-legs, showing the utmost carefulness. Such humanity might well be emulated by the human race.

The directors of Cooper Institute express their entire satisfaction with the results of the opening of the Free Reading-Rooms on Sunday. On a recent Sunday over nine hundred persons availed themselves of the privileges of the rooms, and the utmost good order was observed.

Probably there has never been a Sunday in the history of Boston when the people have been wholly diverted from public worship until the sad, solemn Sunday which stands marked as a day of raging conflagration.

A shrewd Hawaiian guide accompanied a party of travelers on their trip in the great crater Kilauea. One of the party being crippled, was carried on the back of the guide. When at length they reached the open lake of fire and lava, and stood spell-bound on the fearful brink, the lame man, suddenly taking a humorous view of his own special danger, turned to the guide and said, gravely, "If any thing happens here to harm us, or if a sudden outflow of lava should threaten to cut off our retreat, you must not run off, like a coward, and leave me. You brought me here, and you must see me safe back."

With a twinkle of fun in his eye, the witty native replied, "Oh no. You very good man: God get you. I run like the devil."

How much trouble would be saved if people would always bear in mind that "insults are like counterfeit money: we can not hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

A knowledge of simple remedies to be used in cases of sudden illness or accident is very valuable. It is well for every one to understand what are the readiest antidotes to various kinds of poisons, what applications will soothe a burn, how a severe cut should be bound up, how croup should be treated until the physician arrives, and other things of a similar nature. Without some such knowledge one is indeed helpless and useless in the emergencies which are constantly arising in the family. There are many remedies for burns and scalds: one which we have lately seen highly recommended is an embrocation of lime-water and linseed-oil. These simple agents combined form a thick, cream-like substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts and allays the inflammation almost instantly. This remedy leaves no hard coat to dry on the sores, but softens the parts and aids nature to repair the injury in the readiest and most expeditious manner. The mixture may be procured in the drug stores; but if not thus accessible, slack a lump of quicklime in water, and as soon as the water is clear mix it with the oil and shake well. If the case is urgent, use boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept ready bottled in the house, and it will be as good when six months old as when first made.

It is said that fashionable New York milliners are becoming alarmed because so many city ladies make their own bonnets. Sad indeed!

Sugar is used in Portugal for preserving fish. The method adopted is to remove the viscera, and sprinkle sugar over the interior, keeping the fish in a horizontal position, so that the sugar may penetrate as much as possible. A table-spoonful is sufficient for a five-pound fish. Prepared in this way, the fish is kept fresh a long time, and the flavor is perfect.

The terrible *Phylloxera vastatrix*, the wretch which vine-growers hate, and which public indignation drags to the bar of the Academy of Sciences in Paris—on whose head a price is set, even forty thousand francs—has the appearance of a gray speck about the size of a pin's head.

Many curious stories are related of Oscar, the new King of Sweden, which show that he has always been an eccentric youth. Before he was twelve years old, resenting the severe discipline to which he was subjected, he ran away from home. The young truant was at length found in the streets of Copenhagen, playing marbles with some little ragamuffins. At seventeen he fell in love with the daughter of one of the professors of the university in which he was pursuing his studies. He shocked his royal father by informing him that he was determined to marry her, to prevent which catastrophe he was taken home. He became very popular in Stockholm by his simple, unaffected manners. When the court of Stockholm selected a German princess as consort of the wayward Oscar, the latter

went secretly to Lübeck, and in disguise traveled with her on the steamer that conveyed her from that port to Stockholm, watching his intended bride with the closest attention. What he saw of her satisfied him that she was an excellent young woman, and he has ever since proved an affectionate husband to her.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

As the season for summer explorations in the far North comes to an end we begin to receive some information as to the results accomplished by the many expeditions which have been fitted out for that purpose. Among the earliest returns is that from the vessel which visited Spitzbergen under Captain ALTMANN, as communicated through Dr. PETERMANN. The east coast of Spitzbergen was found to be remarkably free from ice, and safe for navigation; and indeed there were so few obstacles that Captain ALTMANN was able to visit King Carl's Land, which, although seen at a distance, had never been actually landed upon. This was supposed by him to consist of three large and many smaller islands lying in the throat of the polar stream that pours round Spitzbergen.

A still later announcement from Dr. PETERMANN contains the result of the investigations by Captain NILS JOHNSON in the same region as that explored by Captain ALTMANN.

Captain JOHNSON sailed on the 8th of May in the twenty-six-ton yacht *Lydiona*, with a crew of nine men, starting from Tromsöe, in Norway. By the end of June he had reached a point fifty miles east-southeast of the islands of East Spitzbergen, in the middle of the usual position of the polar stream, which generally carries great quantities of ice toward Spitzbergen and the Bear Islands. It seems, however, that during the present summer this current had a more easterly direction, toward Nova Zembla, leaving the western half of the sea free from ice.

By the 16th of August he had reached 78° 18′ north latitude and 30° east longitude, and shortly afterward came in sight of land, which first appeared on the maps, in 1817, as Wiche Land. The captain anchored near the point of this land, in 79° 8′ north latitude and east longitude 30° 15′, for the purpose of exploration and fishing, and for supplying himself with drift-wood, which had accumulated in great amount along the shore. Ascending a mountain near the coast, he soon found that what Captain ALTMANN had supposed to be three large islands were in reality connected together so as to form a continuous body of land, with several outlying islands. The east and southeast coast of this land was traversed in the course of several successive days, the whole body of water, as far as the eye could see, being wholly destitute of ice. Birds, seals, and reindeer were found in great abundance, and immense piles of drift-wood extended along the coast twenty feet above the highest tidal mark, furnishing important hints in regard to the physical history of that region. Further details are promised by Dr. PETERMANN in subsequent numbers of the *Mittheilungen*.

The arrangements for an extended exploration of the Pacific Ocean by the Navy Department, already referred to in our columns, have been brought almost to a conclusion, and it is understood that the *Portsmouth*, under Captain SKENETT, will leave New York about the middle of November for the scene of operations. The vessel will proceed, with only the necessary stops, by way of Cape Horn, to the west coast, and will commence her work in the Gulf of California. Two years will probably be spent in the investigation of the hydrography of the peninsula, including the entire gulf region, as also in the exploration of the Revilla-gigedo group of islands.

A subsidiary object, to receive a due share of attention, will be a general investigation into the physics and natural history of the deep seas and of the adjacent islands. Dr. STREET, the surgeon of the expedition, has already distinguished himself as a naturalist and collector in the Darien expedition, and will doubtless win new laurels on the present occasion. The astronomical department will be in charge of Paymaster TUTTLE, well known as the discoverer of an asteroid and of a telescopic comet.

The *Narragansett*, now on the Pacific station, has also been detailed for the same service, and will probably refit at Callao for the purpose. There are few portions of America more interesting in a natural history point of view than that to be immediately explored by this expedition, the Galapagos themselves being scarcely more noteworthy. This is shown by the researches of Mr. XANTUS and of Colonel GRAYSON. The former gentleman spent several years at Cape St. Lucas in the service of the United States Coast Survey and of the Smithsonian Institution, and obtained large numbers of specimens in all branches of natural history, many of which were entirely new to science. Colonel GRAYSON, in his explorations of Socorro Island, one of the Revilla-gigedo group, found that, as at Cape St. Lucas, there were many animals peculiar, or unknown elsewhere, most of them being then undescribed. The birds have, however, lately been published by Mr. GEORGE N. LAWRENCE, in a memoir of the collections of Colonel GRAYSON.

The death is announced, at Reading, Pennsylvania, at the age of fifty-six, of Mr. WILLIAM M. BAIRD, a gentleman who was much interested in natural history, and especially in ornithology. Mr. BAIRD, while residing at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, commenced in 1838 a collection of the birds of the county, in which he was assisted by his younger brother, Professor S. F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution; and the two carried on their labors in common for many years, during which time they published conjointly descriptions of two new species of small fly-catchers discovered by them in the vicinity of Carlisle, as also a list of the birds of Cumberland County.

Having adopted the profession of the law, Mr. WILLIAM BAIRD was obliged to give up his active labors in ornithology, and the work was continued by his brother, who, on receiving an appointment in connection with the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, carried to it the conjoint collection, which formed, in a measure, the basis of the magnificent series of North American birds in the Institution, and which has served as the material for so much research on the part of naturalists at home and abroad.

Mr. J. F. WHITEAVES, of Montreal, has completed his investigations into the deep-sea fauna of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, already mentioned by us as undertaken in continuance of those of last year; and he is now engaged in preparing his report for presentation to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, at Ottawa. The greatest depth reached by him was 310 fathoms, off the southwestern end of Anticosti, where he obtained a *Virgularia*, and specimens of *Pennatula* additional to those secured last year. He also found an interesting cup-shaped coral about an inch across the disk.

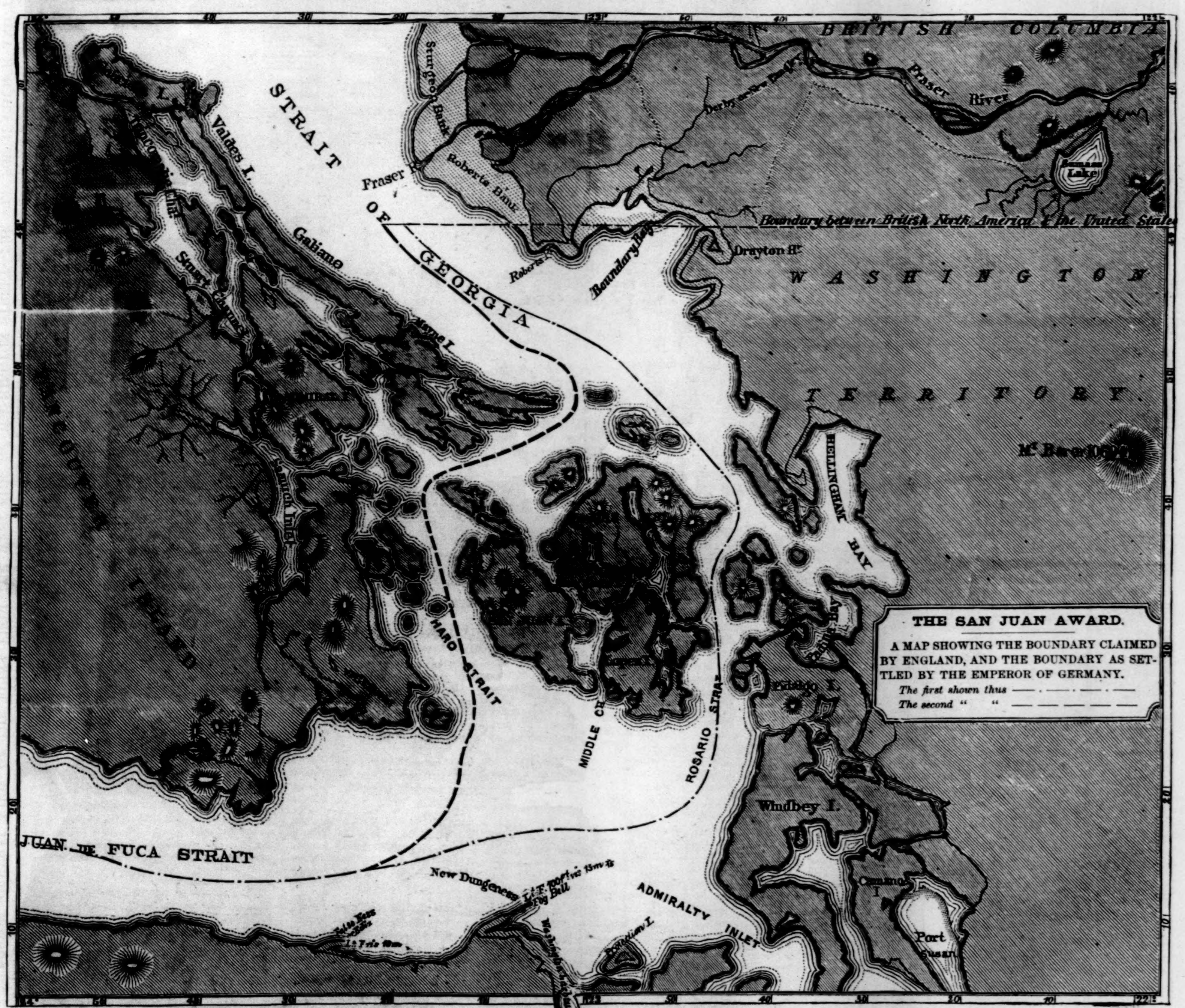
The labors of Mr. ATKINS in regard to securing the spawn of salmon during the year 1872, already referred to in our columns, promise to be entirely successful. It will be remembered that this gentleman, in view of the great difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of eggs from the fish on the breeding grounds, initiated a year ago the experiment of catching them in the early part of the season, and penning them up in a suitable inclosure until the period of spawning arrived. His success on a small scale in 1871 was such as to encourage him to repeat it this year with larger resources at his command, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries having joined with the commissioners of several of the States in supplying the necessary funds.

On the 28th of October the first spawn was taken, and over 300,000 eggs were secured in the course of a day or two, the number, by the 7th of November, amounting to 940,000; and it is now hoped that the aggregate will reach several millions.

THE DISPUTED BOUNDARY LINE.

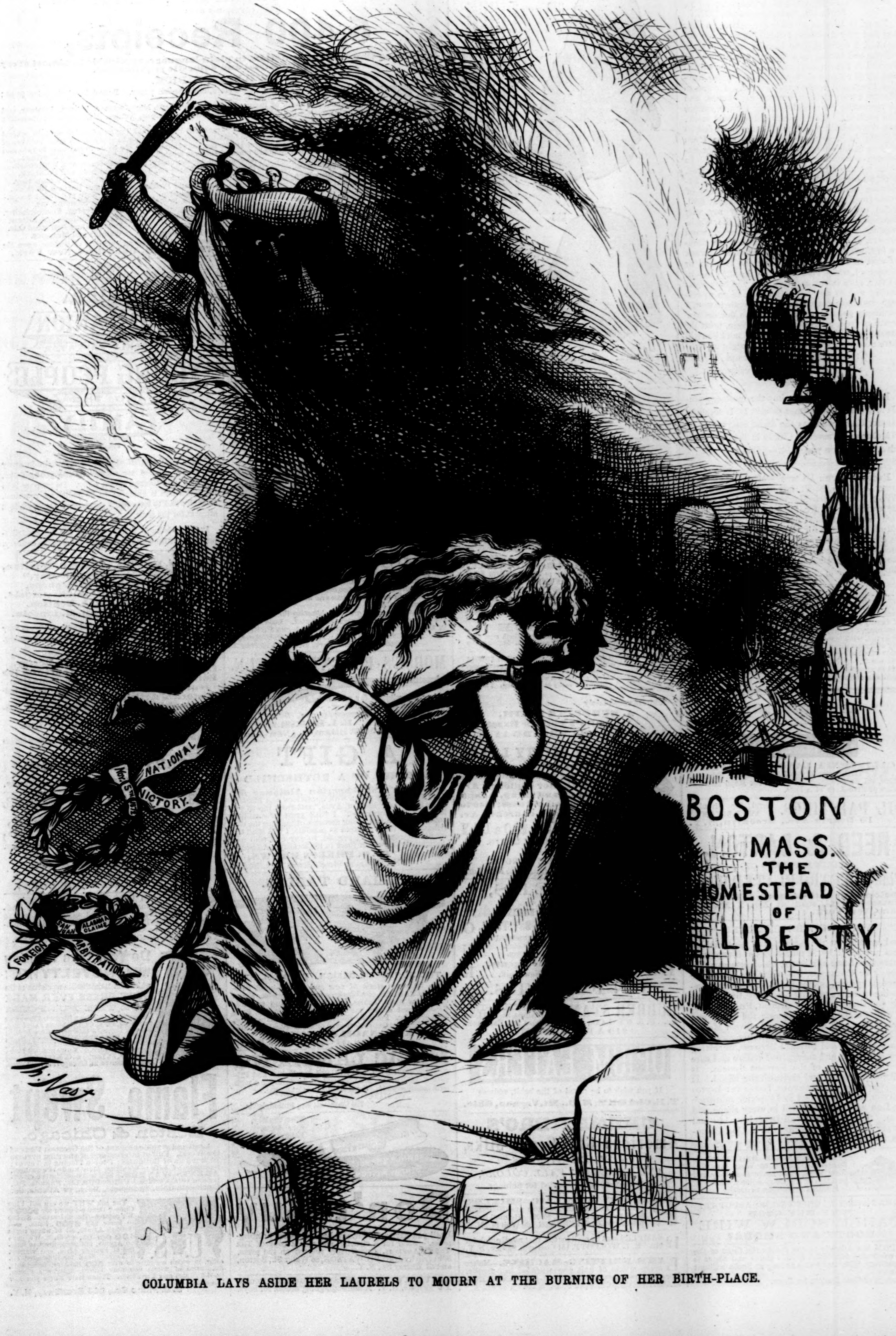
MANY of our readers will remember the old political rallying cry of "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" during the excitement about the disputed boundary line between British and American territory in the Northwest. At that time, prior to 1846, the boundary fixed at the 49th parallel ended at the Rocky Mountains, and was undefined beyond that point. At length Lord ABERDEEN proposed a compromise to President POLK, viz., to drive the 49th parallel due westward to the coast, and then to deflect to the south so as to give England the whole of Vancouver's Island, to which we laid no claim. The boundary was to pass through the middle of the channel between Vancouver's Island and the main-land. This sounds simple enough; but unfortunately there were islands in the strait, which broke up the passage into several channels. The result was that the English claimed that the boundary passed to the south of the islands, while we claimed that it passed to the north, and so the treaty remained in abeyance, and for years the island of San Juan has been occupied by a joint force of soldiers from either country.

The question being submitted to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany, he has just decided that the boundary line runs through the Haro, or northern channel, and, therefore, that the island of San Juan belongs to the United States. A glance at the accompanying map will show the strategical importance of San Juan Island, and explain why the English take the Emperor's decision with such ill grace.



MAP OF THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN TERRITORY ON THE PACIFIC COAST, SETTLED BY THE DECISION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

BOSTON—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS, FROM THE WEST SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET—THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH AND THE "TRANSCRIPT" BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND.—[SEE PAGE 934.]



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Truly yours, A. THOMPSON WOLFF.
[*The Independent.*]

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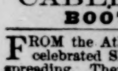

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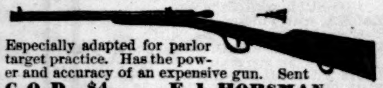

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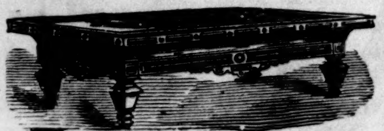

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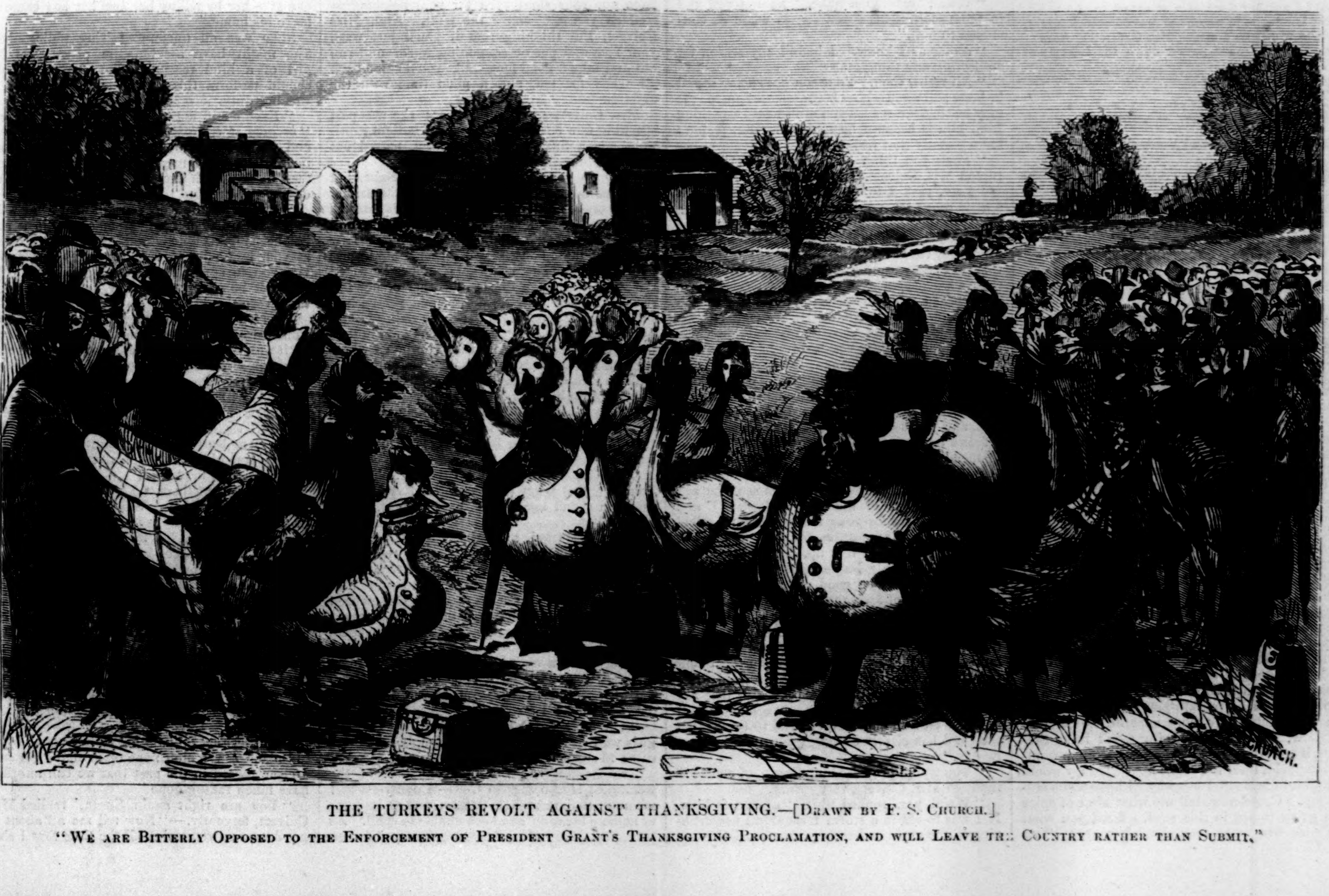
At this season of the year, when the nation is called upon to offer thanks to Providence for peace, for abundant harvests, for general prosperity in commerce and all the various branches of industry, the poor should be remembered with special tenderness and liberality. We are apt to be spasmodic in our charities. A great disaster, like the fires which desolated Portland, Chicago, and Boston, an earthquake which lays waste a populous city and fills a land with terror, rouses us to extraordinary efforts on behalf of the sufferers. This is right, certainly; but we are very apt to forget that we have the poor with us always, and that hundreds and thousands right about our own doors are constantly suffering from want. The blessed summer-time affords them a respite from the sharper pangs of poverty; but winter brings them all—hunger and cold, sickness and death. Let those to whom Providence has given wealth, whose homes are full of comfort and plenty, think of the poor who have no "Thanksgiving." Happy the man who is not only thankful for himself, but that he has the means of making others happy!

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART, FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.]

GROWING OLD.

WHEN we remember the rose tint of romance with which the freshness and vividness of every new impression tinged our early days, and now, at middle age, find that existence is no longer a dream but a reality, and that there is so little to look forward to, is it any wonder that we cast a lingering look behind? The character of our life is fixed, and our occupations and associations promise to be in the future very much what they now are. Do we notice how much more rapidly each succeeding year seems to pass away? Can not we remember how, in our childhood, the term of a year appeared interminable, and we thought we could compress into that great space almost any amount of work and play? But as we get older, how is it that, with all our industry, time seems too short for the work we take in hand? We become so engrossed that holy-days and holidays are alike invaded; and after all is done, how much is left unfinished, how many schemes remain untried! "It is the solemn thought connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half



THE TURKEYS' REVOLT AGAINST THANKSGIVING.—[DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.]

"WE ARE BITTERLY OPPOSED TO THE ENFORCEMENT OF PRESIDENT GRANT'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, AND WILL LEAVE THE COUNTRY RATHER THAN SUBMIT."

sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back."

THANKSGIVING IN OLDEN TIME.

Long life to Thanksgiving! of thee will I sing,
For green in my heart does thy memory spring:
A vision of plenty sweeps over my eyes,
With a flavor of fowls and aroma of pies.

'Twas Sunday: and loud from the pulpit was read,
By good Parson Stiles, what the Governor said
In his long proclamation, informing the land
The time of Thanksgiving was nearly at hand.

I remember it well, though summer suns pass
O'er the parson's low grave in the long tangled grass;
Though the tithing-man's knock forever is still,
And the church passed away from its site on the hill.

I remember from Monday till Thursday at noon,
Which my grandmother said was entirely too soon
To accomplish the pastry and garnish the feast
For the boys from the West and the girls from down East,

There was chopping and frying from morning till night,
And bloody deeds done by the lantern's dim light;
While the great ruddy blaze set the kitchen aglow,
And the well-polished pewter gleamed forth from the bow.

I remember how cleanly the farm-house was swept,
How the cold winter moon kissed the couch where I slept;
How the fairies at midnight shot flowers on the pane,
That dissolved in the morn like the mist on the plain.

Then came Aunt Jerusha, who wore a tall cap,
And a black shining apron smoothed over her lap,
And good Uncle Mose, who always looked shy,
And stopped short in his speech at a glance from her eye.

There, too, was big Luther, and Mabel, his wife;
And lean Uncle Struthers, all fresh from his strife
In the courts of the law, where his troubles appeared—
A lamb of the flock, still lively, though sheared.

There was bluff Tommy Ewing, and Mary, as mild
As the May-flowers that grew in the Sagamore wild,
Who refused me a kiss, but offered instead
A blush which told plain what her bosom had said.

Then we all went to church, and I fell fast asleep,
Though I tried to remember the text verse to keep,
And awoke when the rustling of feet on the floor
Proclaimed to my ear that the service was o'er.

But year after year fewer came to the farm:
Aunt Jerusha went first, and we felt without harm
To good Uncle Mose, who no longer looked shy,
Though he spoke of her worth with a tear in his eye.

Alas for the years that since then have fled!
How few are the living, how many the dead,
Of those who came down in life's early prime,
And made glad the table of Thanksgiving-time!

Should I number them over at sunset to-night,
Or call them around where the fireside gleams bright,
My eyes would be dimmed with fast-falling tears
For those who have passed down the hill-side of years.

But why should I weep for the dear ones no more,
So far on life's journey, so near to the shore
Which is trodden by those who, with palm branch and crown,
With Isaac and Jacob and Moses sit down?

No; bless thee, Thanksgiving! thy advent shall bring
To this half-frozen heart an impulse of spring;
And cheerfully singing farewell to life's ills,
I will pass the last guide-post that points to the hills.

INTO HIS GATES.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"OH, how I wish he was here!"

"Wish who was here, Miss Culvert?" inquired Suke Babbitt, the maid-of-all-work in Squire Culvert's family, throwing an armful of wood into the capacious box beside the huge cooking stove.

"My boy, Susan," replied the anxious mother, her eyes filling up with tears. "Just two years ago to-morrow, Thanksgiving-day, he walked out of his father's house, and we have never heard a word from him since. Just think of it—two long dreary years, and not a single word!" And now Mrs. Culvert covered her face and wept unrestrainedly.

"Of course, Miss Culvert, I knowed who you meant when you fust begun to talk. You don't seem to remember that I have worked steady in this house for almost fifteen year, and have had my senses all the time, too." Suke stopped for a moment here, as if in doubt whether to express the thought just then uppermost in her mind: interpreted, it said this very plainly, "And that's more than the rest of you have had." But she evidently thought better of it, and continued, "Years ain't no account. I never heard that a crying spell made punkin-pies any nicer, or give the folks round any more appetite to eat 'em. Anyhow, Miss Culvert, crying won't bring Stephen home—law, no!" Here the strange woman laughed a little low chuckle. "If they would 'a had he'd 'a floated this way without much ceremony. Come now, tell me what kind of spice I'm going to put in this stuff. I tell you what 'tis"—as her companion dried her eyes—"we ain't much time to spend in nonsense. There's all them raisins to stone, and two kinds of cake to make, besides finishing them pies."

The face that Mrs. Culvert turned to her servant had a flash of spirit in it that seemed to please Suke amazingly, for her intelligent eyes laughed outright as her mistress confronted her with,

"Susan, what do you mean by nonsense?"

"P'r'aps, Miss Culvert," replied Suke, who was just then busy wetting her finger and testing the heat of the oven—"p'r'aps nonsense ain't exactly the right kind of a word! Still that was the fust one that come, and mebbe it's as good as any."

"But what do you mean by it?" persisted the lady.

"Just this, and no more and no less;" and now Suke's arms were akimbo, and she was looking her mistress straight in the face. "It's as true as gospel that there don't none of us in trouble use our common-sense as much as we ought to, to say nothing at all about the Christian part of the business. If I only had some book-l'arning I could make you understand in a jiffy just what I want to get at." And for a moment the servant's face was clouded, as she realized her inability to do justice to the subject; but it was only for a moment, for Suke's philosophy, strange to relate, was intended quite as much for home use as the use of her neighbors. "I don't want to be impudent, Miss Culvert, and I don't want to poke my nose into affairs that don't concern me; but I've lived here a considerable of a piece, and I think I loved Stephen just about as well as any body could that wasn't his own flesh and blood; but I can't see you go round this way any longer from morning till night, with a long face and a sob in your throat the whole during time, without letting you know that I think in the sight of God you are very unreasonable; and that, to my mind, Miss Culvert, is drawing it very mild."

"Why, Susan, have you really lost your senses?" exclaimed the astonished woman.

"Not a bit of it," chuckled Susan. "I may have parted company with my manners for a spell—I am inclined to think I have—but I know I am sound. Now let me put the case to you. I'm only a servant in your kitchen, Miss Culvert; but if I've got hold of a string that pulls a truth you don't see, I'm just as much to blame if I don't show it to you as *you* would be, the mistress, not to make it clear to me, the servant."

"Precisely," said Mrs. Culvert, with emphasis, the hard look gradually fading from her face as she realized Suke's earnestness and awkward delicacy. "Now tell me, Susan, all you think, and your reasons," she continued. "Who knows but you may be the means of bringing me more peace of mind than I have felt for many a day?"

"'Tain't no ways likely that I can do much, Miss Culvert; but here 'tis in a nutshell: Stephen walked out of this house with his own free-will and accord, didn't he?"

"Why, of course, Susan."

"What I mean to say is, he wa'n't treated with any unkindness by any body, or told to get out, as a good many young men are who ain't doing much for themselves in the way of earning their own livings."

Mrs. Culvert winced perceptibly at this last home thrust, but replied, pleasantly, "Certainly not, Susan."

"Wa'al," continued Suke, "he was well and in possession of his seven senses when he concluded to quit."

"As far as I know. I hadn't any reason for suspecting any thing amiss."

"All right, then. Your son goes away sound in body and mind—goes because he wants to. It may be that the reason you ain't heard any thing from him is because he ain't writ; but it don't seem exactly that way to me."

"Then you think he's alive, Susan?" interrupted Mrs. Culvert.

"Law, yes! I think he's alive. And I think a good many other things, Miss Culvert: among the rest, this—that you have got your husband and three children, besides Stephen, who not only need your care (of course you look out for every thing; I ain't finding no fault about that), but there's a considerable difference between doing a thing because your heart is in it, and because it's your duty. You have no right to make your home miserable on account of something you can't help, something you had no hand in, about a boy, or rather a young man grown—twenty-two, ain't he, Miss Culvert?—who is big enough and smart enough, if he's a mind to be, to take care of himself. You don't act reasonable, Miss Culvert, and you don't act like a Christian, neither. I found out quite a piece ago that 'twasn't best to meddle too much with the Almighty's business. When your boy took himself out from under your care and influence (you see, you was nothing but one of the Lord's deputies), and 'twas impossible for your mother-love to shield him and make allowances for him, and follow him round and tuck him up, don't you suppose that your Heavenly Father understood how the land lay, and will be good enough to give him the right kind of love, the right kind of tucking up and cuddling, to make the right kind of a man of him? I hain't the least idee, Miss Culvert, that he has been fed on the pap *you* used to give him—by no means. It's my opinion he ought to 'a been weaned from such stuff a good while ago; anyhow, your best way is to give that boy entirely into the Lord's care, once and for all, and then let him alone, and attend to things that the Lord has clearly expected you to see to day by day."

"You would pray for him, Susan, of course?" inquired Mrs. Culvert, very gently.

"Wa'al, yes," replied Suke, "after a fashion. If I was to sea in a storm I shouldn't keep running to the cap'n and telling him that I thought if he would put down this sail, and knock away that mast, and steer for t'other place, that we might all be saved. I should make up my mind that that cap'n had as much interest in getting that ship safe to port as I had, and knew a plaguy sight more about it; and while I trusted him I shouldn't keep asking him nonsensical questions. The thing for you to ask for—and for all the rest of us, as to that matter—is to be kept from interfering in the Almighty's business, to keep from getting our feet tangled up in the machinery He fixes for the folks who need it. There!" and Suke drew a long breath, and surveyed the table covered with every imaginable cooking material and utensil, as if she had just awakened from a long sleep. "That's my first lectur', Miss Culvert," she continued, her face as red as the scarlet geranium blossom in the window; "and if I've said any thing that's hurt your feelings, I'm sorry."

"You have given me your honest thought, my friend, for which I am very thankful. And now what shall I do first?" the mistress of the house replied, with more of the old-fashioned look of content on her face than Suke had seen there for months.

"If you'll just help me about them raisins," said her companion, briskly, "I can manage the rest myself—that is, if you and the girls will see that every thing is all right up stairs and in the front part of the house. You see, Miss Culvert, I'm just in my element now"—as the lady ruefully surveyed the extensive culinary preparations—"and I'd ten thousand times rather do the heft of it myself than have folks muddling round in my kitchen."

So Mrs. Culvert picked over and stoned the raisins, while Suke rolled out the flaky pie-crust, and with dextrous manipulation brought order out of the former confusion. Mrs. Culvert had a great deal to think about. These past two years—what had she done with them? how spent her time? In tears and complaints and useless repinings. But was it not natural for a mother to grieve for her first-born? she asked herself, trying to find some excuse for the sadness that had not only made her own family miserable, but had infected the whole neighborhood. What was that Suke was singing? Mrs. Culvert listened wonderingly. The voice of her servant sounded like the voice of an angel, and grateful, happy tears—tears that seemed to wash away all the ache and pain that had made both soul and body sick for so long a time—fell from her eyes in a perfect flood. There was a ring of triumph, too, in Suke's tones that some way made the woman's heart beat more quickly and the tears fall still faster.

"'O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise,'" she sang.

"'Into his gates with thanksgiving,'" sobbed Mrs. Culvert. "Oh, Susan, I see it so plain now. That is just it. 'Into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.' Susan! Susan! why have I been blind so long?"

"To give you clearer sight for the future, p'r'aps," replied Suke, promptly. "Miss Culvert, there's no such bandage for the eyes as selfishness. Of course you didn't know as 'twas *that* that kept you sick and sorry all the time. You thought, just like every body else does that's in trouble, that 'twas your love for your boy. Now if the Lord has pulled this bandage off, you mustn't forget to bear in mind that you have got your sight back for your neighbor as well as yourself—that's the p'int. And, Miss Culvert, I'm thinking that if you'll just wash your face and put on something warm, and run out and take a good long walk, you'll come back all ready for tea, and a good time with the children."

Mrs. Culvert made no answer; she was past speaking now; but with a look of radiant gratitude, which Suke never will forget, passed out of the kitchen.

"'O go your way,'" commenced Suke, but her voice faltered, and for a moment the strong woman broke down entirely. "'Into his gates,'" she sobbed. "Suke Babbitt, stop that! Don't let your feelings get the better of you now. Law me! I shouldn't be surprised if them punkin-pies had burned as black as a coal;" and Suke wiped the tears away with the hind corner of her immense checked cooking apron, and peered into the oven. "Just right," she exclaimed, still busy with her eyes—"as yellow as gold and as brown as a berry." And then continued where she had left off, this time in clear, strong tones, with no sign of a tremulant, "'With thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.'"

"Why, Suke, I never heard you sing before!" and Suke was startled from her kneeling position before the oven by a sweet voice at her back.

"No, I'm not much of a chorister," laughed Suke. "But what in the world, Evy Benton, sent you round here to the back-door this time o' day?"

"Oh, I started to make some wine jelly, Suke," replied the young lady, with the air of one conscious of inventing an excuse, "and the sherry gave out. Mother said"—and now Miss Eva's tones grew firmer, as the truth commenced to reveal itself—"that one of the girls might just as well do the errand; but I wanted to come myself."

"Sorry there ain't nobody to home," replied Suke. "The girls have gone to the village to see about their dresses, and Miss Culvert has just gone out for a walk."

"I knew Mrs. Culvert was out, and that the girls were at the village," said Eva, boldly. "I came to see you, Suke, and no one else."

Eva Benton was the only daughter of the wealthiest land-owner in C—— County—a girl whom up to date money, flattery, and an improper home education had been unable to spoil. As she stood there before Suke, her fine eyes drooping, her fair golden head bowed with the better sense of something that Suke knew was about to find vent in words, she was indeed a lovely picture; and Suke's sigh, as she carefully scrutinized it, had as much of appreciation as sorrow in it.

"To see me?" repeated Suke. "Law sakes, if I'd a knowed I was going to have a caller, I'd 'a tried to have things in better shape; but there's allus a good deal to do the day before Thanksgiving, Evy."

"Oh, Suke, this is just what I wanted to talk to you about. If I could only go to sleep and not wake up till next day after to-morrow, I should be so glad. It don't seem to me, Suke, that I can ever live through another Thanksgiving-day. Oh, you don't know how lonesome and tired I am. Mother won't hear a word, and I don't think I could say much to her if she would. Father is always busy over mortgages and stone-walls and cattle; and, Suke, this morning I grew so miserable that I thought, if I didn't tell somebody what was troubling me, that I should go crazy."

"It's about Stephen, I suppose?" remarked Suke, without looking at her companion, apparently very much occupied with the separation of the whites and yolks of some extremely troublesome eggs.

"Oh, Suke, how did you know?" and the color came back to the pale cheeks. "Who could have told you? You haven't heard any thing from—"

"Him—no," interrupted Suke, conscious that Evy would not hold out much longer unless tenderly dealt with. "We ain't none of us heard a word, good or bad; and my motto always has been, Miss Evy, no news is good news, and I believe we shall hear something worth hearing one of these fine days. Of course it's very hard for folks to understand why a young man should cut sticks, and leave a good home, where there was nothing to be done but take comfort and lay back on the thought that he'd have a snug little fortune after a while."

"That was just it," put in Eva. "Suke, *I* know why Stephen Culvert left his home!"

"So I allus supposed," answered Suke, dryly.

"I sent him, Suke," continued Eva.

"Just where you was right," responded Suke, with a heartiness that made her companion's head swim.

"What makes you *think* I was right?" inquired Eva, her beautiful eyes riveted on Suke's face. "Oh, you can't begin to know how miserable I have been ever since about this. I have tried a hundred times to tell Mrs. Culvert the whole story, but she was always so fearfully miserable that the words some way would be driven back into my throat, and there they would stick."

"I don't much wonder," said Suke, sympathetically. "She's been uncommon hard to get along with in this trouble. Still, I think, Evy, if the words you fixed upon wouldn't come, you ought to 'a tried some others; and if they failed you, you should 'a done something else. You might 'a writ, Evy!"

"I tried that, Suke, and 'twas no use."

"Wa'al, now, s'pose we let the past take care of itself, and see what the present has got to say," broke in Suke again. "Here comes Miss Culvert now. Brace up to it like a good girl, and tell her the whole story. Put yourself outside of your story; don't think any thing about what she will think of you, but how much comfort you can give her by telling her *how* her boy came to leave his home."

Suke was an uncompromising philosopher. She might have assured the poor trembling girl of a kind reception, but she meant she should perform this action simply because it was her duty.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Evy," she continued, "*because it is right*. Here she comes now;" and poor Evy, who up to this time had been meditating some means of escape, stood now face to face with the woman whom, above all others, she dreaded to meet.

"Why, Eva, how do you do, dear?" and the lady's voice had a strange something in it that had been missed for a long, long time. "I called at your house just a moment ago, child, to invite you to spend Thanksgiving with us. We may not be a very gay party, but we shall try to be very thankful and happy."

Was it a sob from the pantry that made both women turn their heads in that direction? If so, it was very speedily swallowed; for just then Suke appeared with a huge pan of milk, apparently entirely absorbed in getting the vessel to the table without spilling its contents.

"I can not spend Thanksgiving with you, Mrs. Culvert," replied Eva, trying hard to steady her voice: "at least you won't want me to after I tell you something. Mrs. Culvert, I drove your boy away from his home!"

For a moment there was no sound heard save Eva's suppressed sobs. She had told the whole truth in as short a way as possible; and now, with her hands covering her face, stood like a culprit awaiting her sentence.

"You, Eva, you?" and Mrs. Culvert's voice expressed all the astonishment she felt. "You?" she repeated, as if half dazed by the revelation. "Sit down beside me, my dear little girl, and tell me all about it. Don't you know it will be a great comfort to me to find a reason for my son's strange departure? Why haven't you told me before?"

"Oh, don't ask me that, Mrs. Culvert—don't, please! I was very wicked. I see now just how selfish I was. But—"

"But let that go, and get to business," broke in Suke. "We ain't none of us that's got such a clear record in the past that we can afford to have much raking done."

"You are right again, Susan," replied Mrs. Culvert, fervently.—"Now tell me all about it, my dear, and remember all the time that I shall

not, *can* not, blame you, no matter how bad it is."

Mrs. Culvert drew Eva's little hand into hers, and the girl commenced:

"Stephen loved me—at least he said so, and I always believed him—and I loved him. This commenced before he went to college even. We wrote friendly letters all through those four years, and when he graduated he asked me to marry him. This I refused to do. He kept entreating me to allow him to speak to my father, and this I wouldn't hear to."

"And why, Eva," interrupted Mrs. Culvert, "if you loved him?"

"That's just it," replied the girl, naively. "It was just because I loved him that I wouldn't hear to it. There was too much in Stephen Culvert to be allowed to rust out on his father's farm. He knew there was a plenty and to spare, and home was pleasant, and love was sweet, and he hadn't energy sufficient to bestir himself as I thought he ought. There isn't money enough in the world, Mrs. Culvert, to tempt me to marry an idle man."

"Yankee doodle, doodle doo!" sang Suke, trying a loaf of cake with a broom-corn.

"Well," continued Eva, "matters grew very uncomfortable, and Thanksgiving-day we had *almost* a quarrel. This happened in your parlor, Mrs. Culvert, and was just after dinner. He taunted me with not loving him. I had grown tired of this kind of talk, and told him that I never would engage myself to any man who had not a trade or a profession; that I had sense enough to know that love could not always occupy his whole attention; and I ended in telling him that I was ashamed of him. These were the last words he said to me: 'Eva Benton, when you see or hear from me again I shall either be the man you are anxious to marry or a worthless drunken vagabond. On your head be the responsibility;' and with this he marched directly out of the house."

"We have both erred, Eva, in our way of dealing with our trouble—I more than you, because I was so much older; but that can't be helped now. Kiss me, and promise that you will spend to-morrow with us."

Eva promised.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Culvert, listening intently, and drawing her companion close to her side. "Do hear what Susan is singing! Did you ever know a voice to express so much?"

"That is what she was singing when I came in. Don't you know, Mrs. Culvert, that that is Stephen's favorite anthem?"

"'O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise,'" rang out Suke from the porch.

"It takes me about all my time," said the strange woman as she entered the kitchen again, "to keep the hens out o' that place. They're a tormenting set o' critters anyhow. 'Into his gates—into his gates,' hummed Suke, as the two women went their different ways. "Look here," said she, calling Eva back, "you've forgot all about your wine."

"So I have," laughed the young lady, turning a very happy face to her friend. "But I really did want some," she protested.

"Of course you did, and here 'tis all ready for you."

The last sound that Eva heard as she turned the angle of the house was Suke's voice ringing out, "'O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving!'"

Squire Culvert declared the next day that he didn't know what was the matter with every body. "Why," said he, with a thankful smile, "there isn't a single long face at this table, God be praised! Suke, if you don't sit down and eat with us to-day, it will spoil my dinner. Why, girls, how pretty you all look! And as for you, wife, I don't know what to make of you. Am I dreaming, or are we just married? Why, twenty-five years hasn't changed you a bit. I've been thinking, though, along back, that you were growing a little bit plain; but that must have been my imagination. Eva, isn't that the same dress you wore—you wore—"

"Yes, Sir," interrupted Eva, looking down, not yet quite strong enough to have the subject mentioned.

"It 'll all come out right, I suppose," continued the old gentleman. "At least wife thinks so, and I never knew her to make a mistake. She's been a powerful time making up her mind, though.—Suke, every thing is on the table now, and here is a place for you beside me."

"That's not my place, Squire Culvert," responded Suke, quickly, uttering for the first time the name of the one they were all thinking of: "that is your son Stephen's seat."

Suke didn't seem to wonder that every body looked at her in surprise; for just then the sound of the piano was plainly heard, and a clear, ringing voice in the parlor singing:

"'O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.'"

"Stephen!" whispered the squire; "My boy!" sobbed the mother; "My brother!" screamed each sister; "My own!" smiled Eva; and in a moment more the long-absent child was surrounded.

"I am earning my own bread-and-butter," were the first words he said to Eva; "will you marry me now?" and she answered, "Yes," and that was every word she said.

Suke couldn't be prevailed on to sit with them at dinner. "I'm too choked up," was her only answer. "I'd rather be stirring." But every now and then, as she flitted from room to room, and room to pantry, her voice was distinctly heard singing, "'O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.'"

TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

"PRAY, are you thankful," Margaret asked,
"For all the blessings of your life?"
Said Tom, "Ah! one thing yet I want—
The blessing of a loving wife;
And till I find that precious gift
I can not give thanks quite sincere."
"Ah, wicked Tom!" the maiden sighed,
"Your case is hopeless, then, I fear!"

"Not so!" cried he; "if you, my friend,
Will only try to find for me
A maiden fair, whose heart is mine,
Devoutly thankful I shall be;
But she must have—well, let me think—
Eyes like your own, as soft and blue,
And hair as golden, lips as red—
In short, she must resemble you!"

"That which you ask," she answered then,
"I really dare not undertake."
"What!" answered Tom, "have you the heart
Thus a poor mortal to forsake?"
Low drooped her head before his gaze:
"Oh, Tom!" said she, "what shall I do?"
Said Tom, "I think—indeed I'm sure—
I could be thankful, dear—for you!"

PRIMITIVE BUILDERS.

SAVAGE races, though they frequently bake clay for the manufacture of household utensils, have never put it through this process in order to make bricks. If they want an earthen wall, they raise it in a mass upon a wooden or wattled frame, and rely upon compression, as well as the heat of the sun, to insure durability. But this depends very much upon the characteristics of the region they inhabit. The fixed tribes inhabiting the oases, or scattered expanses of wood and verdure in the Great Sahara, have little else to do than to bend a circle of palm branches to a head, tie the tops together, plaster over the skeleton with a mixture of sand and mud, and the house is complete, since chimneys are not necessary, and the earthen floor is always dry. Far otherwise with the people of countries in which periodical rains occur, as in the hill districts of India. They do no not allow the season of deluges to take them by surprise. On the contrary, selecting the gentlest slopes, and those least exposed to the concentrated rush of a torrent, they drive their foundations of piles deep into the earth, so that no sudden gathering of the waters, unless it be of extraordinary violence, shall shake them. These piles, or posts, rise high enough to support the roof. But twin with each, so to speak, is another solid post, only two or three feet high, and from one of these to another are laid rough plankings, covered over with a species of basket-work to form the flooring. Before this is placed, however, the ground below is carefully smoothed, hardened, and furrowed with little channels, so that when the inundation comes, instead of being obstructed, it is actually aided on its way, and all danger to the structure above is prevented.

On the other hand, there are countries which, rarely visited by an excess of water, are exposed to tremendous periodical winds. Without any but the rude science which has been acquired by observation, or which has been transmitted to him from his forefathers, the savage builder looks for a sheltered spot, and if he be the denizen of a wood, is careful to avoid that side on which the great trees, torn up by tropical gusts, may be expected to fall, for, except in the region of whirlwinds, they invariably, season after season, fall in one direction, a circumstance noticed by numerous travelers. This is especially true of what are called the forest gales of South America, where the native dwellings, though picturesque, are exceedingly primitive. The inhabitants of those immense solitudes, living far apart, entirely dependent for their subsistence upon the woodland and river, and rarely brought into contact with strangers, exhibit a deep appreciation of comfort in the construction and arrangement of their houses, the fashions of which have not changed, we may presume, for uncounted centuries.

But of all savage tribes the South Sea Islanders have excelled as domestic builders. We do not speak of them as they have been since the missionaries became their teachers, and altered their costumes; we refer to the time when they led their own free island life, and when their only occupations were the gathering—not the cultivation, for it was not needed—of food, the fabrication of ornaments, not clothing, for their bodies, and the construction of their simple dwellings. Any thing more elegant, light, and artistic, better adapted to its purpose and the climate, or more in union with the nature surrounding it, than the Otaheitian cottage, as it stood among the palms, before civilization had sailed that way, it would be impossible to conceive. Latticed, hung with mat-blinds, floored and roofed for coolness, always exquisitely situated, perfect in outline, fragile as a hut of rushes, yet in its interior as fresh as marble, it was precisely what the luxurious islander among those happy forests wanted—and this is a consideration not always attended to even in countries which have been steeped to the lips in civilization for the last thousand years or more. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that in studying arts we are so apt to forget our instincts, and in this respect there are savages enough left, perhaps, still more or less unsophisticated, to revivify your memories. For that is the essential of nearly all savage architecture, if architecture it may be called — the adaptation of their work to their necessities. Of this we have already suggested illustrations. But the Europeans introduced formality—chapel shapes and other abominations, cast iron schoolhouses, model cottages, huddled together in ill-placed hamlets for the sake of holding congregations, and gaining a leverage for authority; and the prettiest pictures of Pacific life are rapidly fading from view.

One fact of interest should be noticed in connection with this subject. The savage, though he may possess iron, seldom, if ever, employs it in the construction of his dwelling-house. He deems iron too valuable for such an application. It is supremely useful to him in the manufacture of arms, axes, knives, harpoons, fish-hooks, and other articles, which enter into the very essence of barbarian existence. Consequently he thinks it wasteful to lock up a material so precious by burying it in posts, planks, and beams. In the most elaborate of his structures, therefore, such as those of Patagonia, he employs pegs of wood, which, again, are more easily removed. But a rude method of dovetailing is exceedingly common, and still more so are lashings of flexible bamboo, or strong grass, or interweavings of rushes, to hold the slight frame-work together. Often he depends upon the mere weight of his materials to keep them in their places, and, when this is insufficient, he steadies his roof by heaping it with stones. Again, he binds the parts together with strongly adhesive clay, occasionally mixed with sand, since, though the savage has no notion of a brick, he now and then exhibits his idea of mortar. By every one of these signs the traveler can tell, upon entering into a territory new to him, what manner of people inhabit it, even without seeing the people at all. Supposing the country to have been swept clean of its population, leaving its human habitations intact, an intelligent and practiced eye, without the slightest previous information, could determine whether the climate was hot, cold, or temperate, dry or damp, apt to engender reptiles or insects, liable to storms or balmy in all seasons, overrun by periodical floods or forever tropically arid; whether the inhabitants had been peaceful or warlike, simple-minded or suspicious, innocent or blood-thirsty—for there are many indications on this point scarcely less emphatic than the scalps in the red man's wigwam; whether they were fishermen, hunters, or husbandmen; whether they had been poor or prosperous, since the difference between misery and comfort is never more distinctly marked than upon the house in which a family lives; and whether they were completely primitive, or had been tampered with by the little finger of civilization—which is about the only finger usually stretched out to them.

The savage rarely piles one stone upon another. Indeed, your true savage is never found inhabiting a rocky region. He is a creature of the woods and prairies. There are barbarians, of the most brutal character, it is true, who swarm where the earth is stony and barren, but they do not avail themselves of the material lying at their feet: they are the dwellers in tents, who change the place of their location with every fluctuation of the season. A stone village tenanted by pure savages is a thing unheard of. In fact, a tribe of Bechuanas, or Charlotte Islanders, or even New Zealanders, set down in Arabia Petræa, and bidden to build themselves homes there, would, even if food were forthcoming, infallibly perish to the last man within the course of a single year. No; they must have trees and water and a soft soil, and game and fish and vegetable substances, to supply the apparatus of their home, or they wither away like grass during a drought. Even where stone has been used by the savage, it has never been in the construction of his home, but always in the rearing of his altar or his temple. Had he the disposition to build in this material, he has not the tools; he could not afford the time; he has generally to earn each day sustenance for himself and his family, or, still worse, to do that and lay by for the barren season. Moreover, house-building in the primitive regions we speak of is as much an affair of women's and children's industry as of men's, or even more. The foundations once driven into the earth—where there are such foundations, as often there are not—the running up of the superstructures, especially in a warm and dry climate, is a comparatively light task, involving only the putting together of slender frames, the weaving of mats, the sewing together of leaves—equivalent to tiles or slates over many a broad space of this earth—the finding of palm poles, and the fabrication of wattled screens. It has struck some travelers as singular that these fragile habitations, thus composed, are not continually destroyed by fire; but a conflagration in a true savage village is the rarest event in the world, because whatsoever fires are necessary are kindled in the open air, away from the house—a practice which it is impossible to recommend for imitation among ourselves, much as we may admire the simple safety of the plan.

THE TARANTULA.

HORRIBLE and loathsome as the rattlesnake is, and though, on the whole, he is, of course, more feared than any other creature in America, yet on the Western frontier he is not dreaded so much as the tarantula spider. This is an enemy against whom none can guard, and for whose bite no remedy has been found. Such alarm do they inspire that I have known a large party of men, who had "camped out" all through a snake country, and through the midst of hostile Indians, driven from a desirable position by discovering that tarantulas infested the spot. The tarantula spider commonly grows to the size of half a large walnut, being thick and rounded something like the half-shell, and has eight long legs, two at each corner. It is covered with long hair, and is, indeed, as ugly and disgusting a reptile or insect, or whatever it is, as can easily be seen. The people who dwell where these spiders most abound declare most stoutly that they attain a size equal to the clinched fist of a man, but I think this is a great exaggeration; at any rate, I have never seen any approach this size. I do not know if there are several varieties of the tarantula, but some are said to haunt the marshy borders of streams, while others are found in dry, rocky places. Last summer a woman in my neighborhood was bitten by one above her ankle; the poison acted quite as quickly as serpent-poison, and she was carried to the nearest town for surgical advice. I have not heard whether she lived or died; but her leg was all one uniform size from the instep to above the knee—I should think eighteen or twenty inches round—and shockingly discolored and inflamed. I knew one of two men who were sleeping in a tent when a tarantula found its way in. They were both bitten by the same spider; one died, the other was scarred for life. The tarantula is more dangerous than other venomous creatures, because a light attracts it, and it will always crawl into a tent, if possible, where a light is burning. They inflict the wound, with their mouths, and not with nippers or claws.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

NEW YORK has little to be proud of in the way of markets, in this respect being far behind several of her sister cities. Her two great centres of the meat, fruit, and vegetable trade, Fulton and Washington markets, are nothing but collections of low, straggling sheds, divided into irregular lanes and stalls, where order is impossible and cleanliness nearly so.

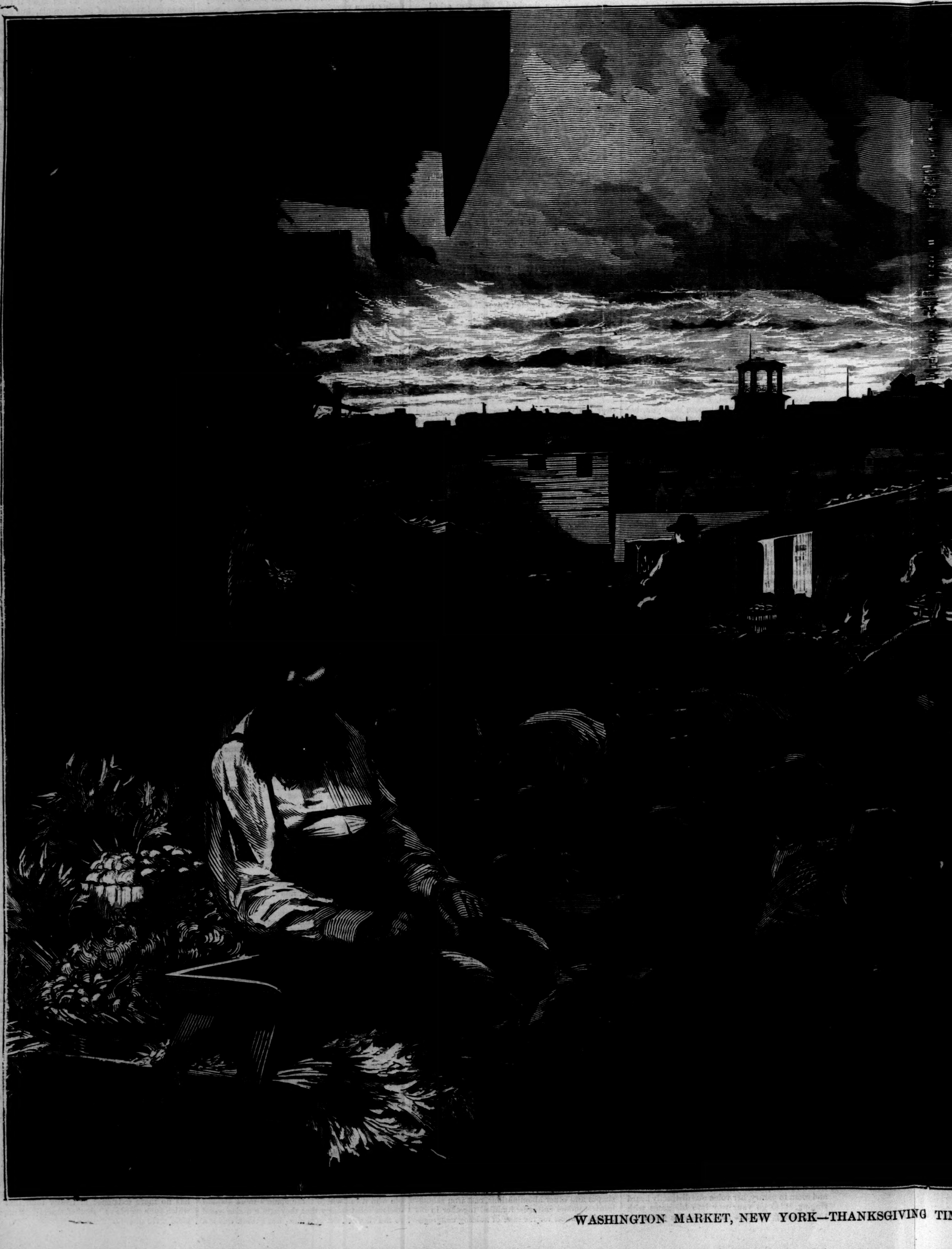
Washington Market, represented in our Supplement double-page illustration, is the larger of the two. It is the chief centre whence New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City draw their market supplies, and always presents a busy and distracting appearance. At times like Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New-Year's it is almost impossible to work one's way through the jam of wagons, carts, barrels, baskets, boxes, buyers, and sellers that block every foot of space in and about the market. Such a scene is graphically represented by our artist.

PRINTERS' ERRORS IN THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE errors of the foreign editions of the Dutch and Scotch Bibles are almost innumerable. In a black-letter Testament of 1664, printed either at Edinburgh or in Holland, a mistake may be met with in every column. In England itself a vigorous attempt to insure correctness was made by the restriction of the right of publishing Bibles to the King's printers, and no more curious proof of the perpetuity of English usages could be found than in the history of this monopoly. The house of Christopher Barker, to which the patent was granted in 1577, went on steadily printing under it to 1709. The right was held for sixty years by Thomas Baskett, and purchased in 1769 by Charles Eyre, whose representatives, Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, "continue a succession which has been unbroken since 1565." But the monopoly failed in securing the various editions from even ludicrous and profane blunders. In one of the earliest issues, the second folio of 1611, in which the mistakes of the first were supposed to have been corrected, we find, "Then cometh *Judas* with them unto a place called Gethsemane." A folio of 1717 has received its name of "the Vinegar Bible" from a misprint in the heading of the parable of the Vineyard. In two quartos of the present century we are told that "the blast of thy terrible ones is as a *stone* against the wall," and that "the dogs *liked* his blood." We may perhaps suspect a little irony in the compositor of 1638 (he may have been an acquaintance of Milton's), who makes the heathen vex the Israelites, not with their "wiles," but with their "wives," or in the printer of 1640, who substituted "*rulers* in the wilderness" for "mules."

But the real mischief of such blunders lay in their tendency to perpetuation. The omission in the first folio of two important words in the fifth chapter of St. John's First Epistle is still perpetuated in our Prayer-Books, though it has been corrected in the text of our Bibles. "Strain *at* a gnat" was probably a typographical blunder in the first issue of King James's Bible for the "strain out" of the Bishops' and Genevan versions; but it remains to this day. So a misprint in the First Epistle to Timothy, which originated at Cambridge about 1629, went on uncorrected, edition after edition, till 1803. The fine of £3000 inflicted by the Star-Chamber on Barker for his omission of the prohibitory "not" in the Seventh Commandment is a well-known instance of the fruitless efforts to obtain correctness; the fine, however, as we hear from Mr. Loftie, "dwindles on investigation to £300, and this again is compounded for by the presentation of a set of Greek types to one of the universities."

Nor was free trade more conducive to correctness than monopoly. The great rebellion for a time threw open the market, but the popular editions of Field and Hills were disfigured with a greater number of blunders than any that had appeared before. Their defects are mercilessly exposed in a rare tract by William Kelbourne, which Mr. Loftie has reprinted in his preface. Besides the greater errors, however, which we have noticed, we find an infinite number of smaller modifications going on in spelling and punctuation. During the first century which is comprised in Mr. Loftie's list the spelling of no two editions is the same. In such a change as that of "sometimes" for "some time" spelling becomes an important organ of revision. "We still," says Mr. Loftie, "have such words as 'astonied,' 'throughly,' 'pransings,' 'sope,' although the authority by which they are retained has no more existence in reality than that by which such words as 'shamefastness' or 'unpossible' were altered."



WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK—THANKSGIVING TIME

TIME.—DRAWN BY JULES TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 939*.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VI.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.

CHAPTER LVI.—(*Continued.*)

CALEB paused here, and perhaps the greatest orator could not have chosen either his pause or his images better for the occasion.

"But come, you didn't mean any harm. Somebody told you the railroad was a bad thing. That was a lie. It may do a bit of harm here and there, to this and to that; and so does the sun in heaven. But the railway's a good thing."

"Aw! good for the big folks to make money out on," said old Timothy Cooper, who had staid behind turning his hay while the others had been gone on their spree; "I'n seen lots o' things turn up sin' I war a young un—the war an' the peace, and the canells, an' the oald King George, an' the Regen', an' the new King George, an' the new un as has got a new ne-ame—an' it's been all aloike to the poor mon. What's the canells been t' him? They'n brought him neyther me-at nor be-acon, nor wage to lay by, if he didn't save it wi' clemmin' his own inside. Times ha' got wusser for him sin' I war a young un. An' so it 'll be wi' the railroads. They'll on'y leave the poor mon furder behind. But them are fools as meddle, and so I told the chaps here. This is the big folks's world, this is. But yo're for the big folks, Muster Garth, yo are."

Timothy was a wiry old laborer, of a type lingering in those times—who had his savings in a stocking-foot, lived in a lone cottage, and was not to be wrought on by any oratory, having as little of the feudal spirit, and believing as little, as if he had not been totally unacquainted with the Age of Reason and the Rights of Man. Caleb was in a difficulty known to any person attempting in dark times and unassisted by miracle to reason with rustics, who are in possession of an undeniable truth which they know through a hard process of feeling, and can let it fall like a giant's club on your neatly carved argument for a social benefit which they do *not* feel. Caleb had no cant at command, even if he could have chosen to use it; and he had been accustomed to meet all such difficulties in no other way than by doing his "business" faithfully. He answered:

"If you don't think well of me, Tim, never mind; that's neither here nor there now. Things may be bad for the poor man—bad they are; but I want the lads here not to do what will make things worse for themselves. The cattle may have a heavy load, but it won't help 'em to throw it over into the road-side pit, when it's partly their own fodder."

"We war on'y for a bit o' foon," said Hiram, who was beginning to see consequences. "That war all we war arter."

"Well, promise me not to meddle again, and I'll see that nobody informs against you."

"I'n ne'er meddled, an' I'n no call to promise," said Timothy.

"No, but the rest. Come, I'm as hard at work as any of you to-day, and I can't spare much time. Say you'll be quiet without the constable."

"Aw, we wooant meddle—they may do as they loike for oos"—were the forms in which Caleb got his pledges; and then he hastened back to Fred, who had followed him, and watched him in the gateway.

They went to work, and Fred helped vigorously. His spirits had risen, and he heartily enjoyed a good slip in the moist earth under the hedge-row, which soiled his perfect summer trowsers. Was it his successful onset which had elated him, or the satisfaction of helping Mary's father? Something more. The accidents of the morning had helped his frustrated imagination to shape an employment for himself which had several attractions. I am not sure that certain fibres in Mr. Garth's mind had not resumed their old vibration toward the very end which now revealed itself to Fred. For the effective accident is but the touch of fire where there is oil and tow; and it always appeared to Fred that the railway brought the needed touch. But they went on in silence except when their business demanded speech. At last, when they had finished and were walking away, Mr. Garth said,

"A young fellow needn't be a B.A. to do this sort of work, eh, Fred?"

"I wish I had taken to it before I had thought of being a B.A.," said Fred. He paused a moment, and then added, more hesitatingly, "Do you think I am too old to learn your business, Mr. Garth?"

"My business is of many sorts, my boy," said Mr. Garth, smiling. "A good deal of what I know can only come from experience: you can't learn it off as you learn things out of a book. But you are young enough to lay a foundation yet." Caleb pronounced the last sentence emphatically, but paused in some uncertainty. He had been under the impression lately that Fred had made up his mind to enter the Church.

"You do think I could do some good at it, if I were to try?" said Fred, more eagerly.

"That depends," said Caleb, turning his head on one side and lowering his voice, with the air of a man who felt himself to be saying something deeply religious. "You must be sure of two things: you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin. And the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else. You must have a pride in your own work, and in learning to do it well, and not be always saying, There's this and there's that—if I had this or that to do, I might make something of it. No matter what a man is—I wouldn't give twopence for him"—here Caleb's mouth looked bitter, and he snapped his fingers—"whether he was the prime minister or the rick-thatcher, if he didn't do well what he undertook to do."

"I can never feel that I should do that in being a clergyman," said Fred, meaning to take a step in argument.

"Then let it alone, my boy," said Caleb, abruptly, "else you'll never be easy. Or, if you *are* easy, you'll be a poor stick."

"That is very nearly what Mary thinks about it," said Fred, coloring. "I think you must know what I feel for Mary, Mr. Garth: I hope it does not displease you that I have always loved her better than any one else, and that I shall never love any one as I love her."

The expression of Caleb's face was visibly softening while Fred spoke. But he swung his head with a solemn slowness, and said,

"That makes things more serious, Fred, if you want to take Mary's happiness into your keeping."

"I know that, Mr. Garth," said Fred, eagerly, "and I would do any thing for *her*. She says she will never have me if I go into the Church; and I shall be the most miserable devil in the world if I lose all hope of Mary. Really, if I could get some other profession, business—any thing that I am at all fit for, I would work hard—I would deserve your good opinion. I should like to have to do with out-door things. I know a good deal about land and cattle already. I used to believe, you know—though you will think me rather foolish for it—that I should have land of my own. I am sure knowledge of that sort would come easily to me, especially if I could be under you in any way."

"Softly, my boy," said Caleb, having the image of "Susan" before his eyes. "What have you said to your father about all this?"

"Nothing yet, but I must tell him. I am only waiting to know what I can do instead of entering the Church. I am very sorry to disappoint him, but a man ought to be allowed to judge for himself when he is four-and-twenty. How could I know when I was fifteen what it would be right for me to do now? My education was a mistake."

"But hearken to this, Fred," said Caleb. "Are you sure Mary is fond of you, or would ever have you?"

"I asked Mr. Farebrother to talk to her, because she had forbidden me. I didn't know what else to do," said Fred, apologetically. "And he says that I have every reason to hope, if I can put myself in an honorable position—I mean out of the Church. I dare say you think it unwarrantable in me, Mr. Garth, to be troubling you and obtruding my own wishes about Mary before I have done any thing at all for myself. Of course I have not the least claim—indeed, I have already a debt to you which will never be discharged, even when I have been able to pay it in the shape of money."

"Yes, my boy, you have a claim," said Caleb, with much feeling in his voice. "The young ones have always a claim on the old to help them forward. I was young myself once, and had to do without much help; but help would have been welcome to me, if it had been only for the fellow-feeling's sake. But I must consider. Come to me to-morrow at the office at nine o'clock. At the office, mind."

Mr. Garth would take no important step without consulting Susan, but it must be confessed that before he reached home he had taken his resolution. With regard to a large number of matters about which other men are decided or obstinate, he was the most easily manageable man in the world. He never knew what meat he would choose, and if Susan had said that they ought to live in a four-roomed cottage in order to save, he would have said, "Let us go," without inquiring into details. But where Caleb's feeling and judgment strongly pronounced he was a ruler; and in spite of his mildness and timidity in reproving, every one about him knew that on the exceptional occasions when he chose he was absolute. He never, indeed, chose to be absolute except on some one else's behalf. On ninety-nine points Mrs. Garth decided, but on the hundredth she was often aware that she would have to perform the singularly difficult task of carrying out her own principle, and to make herself subordinate.

"It is come round as I thought, Susan," said Caleb, when they were seated alone in the evening. He had already narrated the adventure which had brought about Fred's sharing in his work, but had kept back the further result. "The children *are* fond of each other—I mean, Fred and Mary."

Mrs. Garth laid her work on her knee, and fixed her penetrating eyes anxiously on her husband.

"After we'd done our work Fred poured it all out to me. He can't bear to be a clergyman, and Mary says she won't have him if he is one; and the lad would like to be under me and give his mind to business. And I've determined to take him and make a man of him."

"Caleb!" said Mrs. Garth, in a deep contralto, expressive of resigned astonishment.

"It's a fine thing to do," said Mr. Garth, settling himself firmly against the back of his chair, and grasping the elbows. "I shall have trouble with him, but I think I shall carry it through. The lad loves Mary, and a true love for a good woman is a great thing, Susan. It shapes many a rough fellow."

"Has Mary spoken to you on the subject?" said Mrs. Garth, secretly a little hurt that she had to be informed on it herself.

"Not a word. I asked her about Fred once; I gave her a bit of a warning. But she assured me she would never marry an idle, self-indulgent man—nothing since. But it seems Fred set on Mr. Farebrother to talk to her, because she had forbidden him to speak himself, and Mr. Farebrother has found out that she's fond of Fred, but says he must not be a clergyman. Fred's heart is fixed on Mary, that I can see: it gives me a good opinion of the lad—and we always liked him, Susan."

"It is a pity for Mary, I think," said Mrs. Garth.

"Why—a pity?"

"Because, Caleb, she might have had a man who is worth twenty Fred Vincys."

"Ah!" said Caleb, with surprise.

"I firmly believe that Mr. Farebrother is attached to her, and meant to make her an offer; but of course, now that Fred has used him as an envoy, there is an end to that better prospect." There was a severe precision in Mrs. Garth's utterance. She was vexed and disappointed, but she was bent on abstaining from useless words.

Caleb was silent a few moments under a conflict of feelings. He looked at the floor and moved his head and hands in accompaniment to some inward argumentation. At last he said:

"That would have made me very proud and happy, Susan, and I should have been glad for your sake. I've always felt that your belongings have never been on a level with you. But you took me, though I was a plain man."

"I took the best and cleverest man I had ever known," said Mrs. Garth, convinced that *she* would never have loved any one who came short of that mark.

"Well, perhaps others thought you might have done better. But it would have been worse for me. And that is what touches me close about Fred. The lad is good at bottom, and clever enough to do, if he's put in the right way; and he loves and honors my daughter beyond any thing, and she has given him a sort of promise according to what he turns out. I say, that young man's soul is in my hand; and I'll do the best I can for him, so help me God! It's my duty, Susan."

Mrs. Garth was not given to tears, but there was a large one rolling down her face before her husband had finished. It came from the pressure of various feelings, in which there was much affection and some vexation. She wiped it away quickly, saying,

"Few men besides you would think it a duty to add to their anxieties in that way, Caleb."

"That signifies nothing—what other men would think. I've got a clear feeling inside me, and that I shall follow; and I hope your heart will go with me, Susan, in making every thing as light as can be to Mary, poor child."

Caleb, leaning back in his chair, looked with anxious appeal toward his wife. She rose and kissed him, saying, "God bless you, Caleb! Our children have a good father."

But she went out and had a hearty cry to make up for the suppression of her words. She felt sure that her husband's conduct would be misunderstood, and about Fred she was rational and unhopeful. Which would turn out to have the more foresight in it—her rationality or Caleb's ardent generosity?

When Fred went to the office the next morning there was a test to be gone through which he was not prepared for.

"Now, Fred," said Caleb, "you will have some desk-work. I have always done a good deal of writing myself, but I can't do without help, and as I want you to understand the accounts and get the values into your head, I mean to do without another clerk. So you must buckle to. How are you at writing and arithmetic?"

Fred felt an awkward movement of the heart; he had not thought of desk-work; but he was in a resolute mood, and not going to shrink. "I'm not afraid of arithmetic, Mr. Garth: it always came easily to me. I think you know my writing."

"Let us see," said Caleb, taking up a pen, examining it carefully, and handing it, well dipped, to Fred, with a sheet of ruled paper. "Copy me a line or two of that valuation, with the figures at the end."

At that time the opinion existed that it was beneath a gentleman to write legibly, or with a hand in the least suitable to a clerk. Fred wrote the lines demanded in a hand as gentlemanly as that of any viscount or bishop of the day: the vowels were all alike and the consonants only distinguishable as turning up or down, the strokes had a blotty solidity, and the letters disdained to keep the line; in short, it was a manuscript of that venerable kind easy to interpret when you know beforehand what the writer means.

As Caleb looked on, his visage showed a growing depression, but when Fred handed him the paper he gave something like a snarl, and rapped the paper passionately with the back of his hand. Bad work like this dispelled all Caleb's mildness.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, snarlingly. "To think that this is a country where a man's education may cost hundreds and hundreds, and it turns you out this!" Then in a more pathetic tone, pushing up his spectacles and looking at the unfortunate scribe, "The Lord have mercy on us, Fred, I can't put up with this!"

"What can I do, Mr. Garth?" said Fred, whose spirits had sunk very low, not only at the estimate of his handwriting, but at the vision of himself as liable to be ranked with office-clerks.

"Do? Why, you must learn to form your letters and keep the line. What's the use of writing at all if nobody can understand it?" asked Caleb, energetically, quite preoccupied with the bad quality of the work. "Is there so little business in the world that you must be sending puzzles over the country? But that's the way people are brought up. I should lose no end of time with the letters some people send me, if Susan didn't make them out for me. It's disgusting." Here Caleb tossed the paper from him.

Any stranger peeping into the office at that moment might have wondered what was the drama between the indignant man of business and the fine-looking young fellow whose blonde complexion was getting rather patchy as he bit his lip with mortification. Fred was struggling with many thoughts. Mr. Garth had been so kind and encouraging at the beginning of their interview that gratitude and hopefulness had been at a high pitch, and the downfall was proportionate. He had not thought of desk-work—in fact, like the majority of young gentlemen, he wanted an occupation which should be free from disagreeables. I can not tell what might have been the consequences if he had not distinctly promised himself that he would go to Lowick to see Mary, and tell her that he was engaged to work under her father. He did not like to disappoint himself there.

"I am very sorry," were all the words that he could muster. But Mr. Garth was already relenting.

"We must make the best of it, Fred," he began, with a return to his usual quiet tone. "Every man can learn to write. I taught myself. Go at it with a will, and sit up at night, if the daytime isn't enough. We'll be patient, my boy. Callum shall go on with the books for a bit, while you are learning. But now I must be off," said Caleb, rising. "You must let your father know our agreement. You'll save me Callum's salary, you know, when you can write; and I can afford to give you eighty pounds for the first year, and more after."

When Fred made the necessary disclosure to his parents, the relative effect on the two was a surprise which entered very deeply into his memory. He went straight from Mr. Garth's office to the warehouse, rightly feeling that the most respectful way in which he could behave to his father was to make the painful communication as gravely and formally as possible. Moreover, the decision would be more certainly understood to be final if the interview took place in his father's gravest hours, which were always those spent in his private room at the warehouse.

Fred entered on the subject directly, and declared briefly what he had done and was resolved to do, expressing at the end his regret that he should be the cause of disappointment to his father, and taking the blame on his own deficiencies. The regret was genuine, and inspired Fred with strong, simple words.

Mr. Vincy listened in profound surprise, without uttering even an exclamation, a silence which in his impatient temperament was a sign of unusual emotion. He had not been in good spirits about trade that morning, and the slight bitterness in his lips grew intense as he listened. When Fred had ended, there was a pause of nearly a minute, during which Mr. Vincy replaced a book in his desk and turned the key emphatically. Then he looked at his son steadily, and said,

"So you've made up your mind at last, Sir?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well; stick to it. I've no more to say. You've thrown away your education, and gone down a step in life, when I had given you the means of rising, that's all."

"I am very sorry that we differ, father. I think I can be quite as much of a gentleman at the work I have undertaken as if I had been a curate. But I am grateful to you for wishing to do the best for me."

"Very well; I have no more to say. I wash my hands of you. I only hope, when you have a son of your own he will make a better return for the pains you spend on him."

This was very cutting to Fred. His father was using that unfair advantage possessed by us all when we are in a pathetic situation and see our own past as if it were simply part of the pathos. In reality, Mr. Vincy's wishes about his son had had a great deal of pride, inconsiderateness, and egoistic folly in them. But still the disappointed father held a strong lever; and Fred felt as if he were being banished with a malediction.

"I hope you will not object to my remaining at home, Sir?" he said, after rising to go; "I shall have a sufficient salary to pay for my board, as of course I should wish to do."

"Board be hanged!" said Mr. Vincy, recovering himself in his disgust at the notion that Fred's keep would be missed at his table. "Of course your mother will want you to stay. But I shall keep no horse for you, you understand; and you will pay your own tailor. You will do with a suit or two less, I fancy, when you have to pay for 'em."

Fred lingered; there was still something to be said. At last it came.

"I hope you will shake hands with me, father, and forgive me the vexation I have caused you."

Mr. Vincy from his chair threw a quick glance upward at his son, who had advanced near to him, and then gave his hand, saying, hurriedly, "Yes, yes; let us say no more."

Fred went through much more narrative and explanation with his mother, but she was inconsolable, having before her eyes what perhaps her husband had never thought of, the certainty that Fred would marry Mary Garth, that her life would henceforth be spoiled by a perpetual infusion of Garths and their ways, and that her darling boy, with his beautiful face and stylish air "beyond any body else's son in Middlemarch," would be sure to get like that family in plainness of appearance and carelessness about his clothes. To her it seemed that there was a Garth conspiracy to get possession of the desirable Fred, but she dared not enlarge on this opinion, because a slight hint of it had made him "fly out" at her as he had never done before. Her temper was too sweet for her to show any anger; but she felt that her happiness had received a bruise, and for several days merely to look at Fred made

her cry a little as if he were the subject of some baleful prophecy. Perhaps she was the slower to recover her usual cheerfulness because Fred had warned her that she must not reopen the sore question with his father, who had accepted his decision and forgiven him. If her husband had been vehement against Fred, she would have been urged into defense of her darling. It was the end of the fourth day when Mr. Vincy said to her,

"Come, Lucy, my dear, don't be so downhearted. You always have spoiled the boy, and you must go on spoiling him."

"Nothing ever did cut me so before, Vincy," said the wife, her fair throat and chin beginning to tremble again, "only his illness."

"Pooh, pooh! never mind! We must expect to have trouble with our children. Don't make it worse by letting me see you out of spirits."

"Well, I won't," said Mrs. Vincy, roused by this appeal, and adjusting herself with a little shake as of a bird which lays down its ruffled plumage.

"It won't do to begin making a fuss about one," said Mr. Vincy, wishing to combine a little grumbling with domestic cheerfulness. "There's Rosamond as well as Fred."

"Yes, poor thing. I'm sure I felt for her being disappointed of her baby; but she got over it nicely."

"Baby, pooh! I can see Lydgate is making a mess of his practice, and getting into debt too, by what I hear. I shall have Rosamond coming to me with a pretty tale one of these days. But they'll get no money from me, I know. Let *his* family help him. I never did like that marriage. But it's no use talking. Ring the bell for lemons, and don't look dull any more, Lucy. I'll drive you and Louisa to Riverston to-morrow."

CHAPTER LVII.

"They numbered scarce eight summers when a name
Rose on their souls and stirred such motions there
As thrill the buds and shape their hidden frame
At penetration of the quickening air:
His name who told of loyal Evan Dhu,
Of quaint Bradwardine, and Vich Ian Vor,
Making the little world their childhood knew
Large with a land of mountain, lake, and scaur,
And larger yet with wonder, love, belief
Toward Walter Scott, who living far away
Sent them this wealth of joy and noble grief.
The book and they must part, but day by day,
In lines that thwart like portly spiders ran,
They wrote the tale, from Tully Veolan."

THE evening that Fred Vincy walked to Lowick Parsonage (he had begun to see that this was a world in which even a spirited young man must sometimes walk for want of a horse to carry him) he set out at five o'clock, and called on Mrs. Garth by the way, wishing to assure himself that she accepted their new relations willingly.

He found the family group, dogs and cats included, under the great apple-tree in the orchard. It was a festival with Mrs. Garth, for her eldest son, Christy, her peculiar joy and pride, had come home for a short holiday—Christy, who held it the most desirable thing in the world to be a tutor, to study all literatures and be a regenerate Porson, and who was an incorporate criticism on poor Fred, a sort of object lesson given him by the educational mother. Christy himself, a square-browed, broad-shouldered masculine edition of his mother, not much higher than Fred's shoulder—which made it the harder that he should be held superior—was always as simple as possible, and thought no more of Fred's disinclination to scholarship than of a giraffe's, wishing that he himself were more of the same height. He was lying on the ground now by his mother's chair, with his straw hat laid flat over his eyes, while Jim on the other side was reading aloud from that beloved writer who has made a chief part in the happiness of many young lives. The volume was *Ivanhoe*, and Jim was in the great archery scene at the tournament, but suffered much interruption from Ben, who had fetched his own old bow and arrows, and was making himself dreadfully disagreeable, Letty thought, by begging all present to observe his random shots, which no one wished to do except Brownie, the active-minded but probably shallow mongrel, while the grizzled Newfoundland lying in the sun looked on with the dull-eyed neutrality of extreme old age. Letty herself, showing as to her mouth and pinafore some slight signs that she had been assisting at the gathering of the cherries which stood in a coral heap on the tea-table, was now seated on the grass, listening open-eyed to the reading.

But the centre of interest was changed for all by the arrival of Fred Vincy. When, seating himself on a garden stool, he said that he was on his way to Lowick Parsonage, Ben, who had thrown down his bow, and snatched up a reluctant half-grown kitten instead, strode across Fred's outstretched leg and said, "Take me!"

"Oh, and me too," said Letty.

"You can't keep up with Fred and me," said Ben.

"Yes, I can. Mother, please say that I am to go," urged Letty, whose life was much checkered by resistance to her depreciation as a girl.

"*I* shall stay with Christy," observed Jim; as much as to say that he had the advantage of those simpletons; whereupon Letty put her hand up to her head and looked with jealous indecision from the one to the other.

"Let us all go and see Mary," said Christy, opening his arms.

"No, my dear child, we must not go in a swarm to the parsonage. And that old Glasgow suit of yours would never do. Besides, your father will come home. We must let Fred go alone. He can tell Mary that you are here, and she will come back to-morrow."

Christy glanced at his own threadbare knees, and then at Fred's beautiful white trowsers. Certainly Fred's tailoring suggested the advantages of an English university, and he had a graceful way even of looking warm and of pushing his hair back with his handkerchief.

"Children, run away," said Mrs. Garth; "it is too warm to hang about your friends. Take your brother and show him the rabbits."

The eldest understood, and led off the children immediately. Fred felt that Mrs. Garth wished to give him an opportunity of saying any thing he had to say, but he could only begin by observing,

"How glad you must be to have Christy here!"

"Yes; he is come sooner than I expected. He got down from the coach at nine o'clock, just after his father went out. I am longing for Caleb to come and hear what wonderful progress Christy is making. He has paid his expenses for the last year by giving lessons, carrying on hard study at the same time. He hopes soon to get a private tutorship and go abroad."

"He is a great fellow," said Fred, to whom these cheerful truths had a medicinal taste, "and no trouble to any body." After a slight pause, he added, "But I fear you will think that I am going to be a great deal of trouble to Mr. Garth."

"Caleb likes taking trouble: he is one of those men who always do more than any one would have thought of asking them to do," answered Mrs. Garth. She was knitting, and could either look at Fred or not, as she chose—always an advantage when one is bent on loading speech with salutary meaning; and though Mrs. Garth intended to be duly reserved, she did wish to say something that Fred might be the better for.

"I know you think me very undeserving, Mrs. Garth, and with good reason," said Fred, his spirit rising a little at the perception of something like a disposition to lecture him. "I happen to have behaved just the worst to the people I can't help wishing for the most from. But while two men like Mr. Garth and Mr. Farebrother have not given me up, I don't see why I should give myself up." Fred thought it might be well to suggest these masculine examples to Mrs. Garth.

"Assuredly," said she, with gathering emphasis. "A young man for whom two such elders had devoted themselves would indeed be culpable if he threw himself away and made their sacrifices vain."

Fred wondered a little at this strong language, but only said, "I hope it will not be so with me, Mrs. Garth, since I have some encouragement to believe that I may win Mary. Mr. Garth has told you about that? You were not surprised, I dare say?" Fred ended, innocently referring only to his own love as probably evident enough.

"Not surprised that Mary has given you encouragement?" returned Mrs. Garth, who thought it would be well for Fred to be more alive to the fact that Mary's friends could not possibly have wished this beforehand, whatever the Vincys might suppose. "Yes, I confess I *was* surprised."

"She never did give me any—not the least in the world, when I talked to her myself," said Fred, eager to vindicate Mary. "But when I asked Mr. Farebrother to speak for me, she allowed him to tell me there was a hope."

The power of admonition which had begun to stir in Mrs. Garth had not yet discharged itself. It was a little too provoking even for *her* self-control that this blooming youngster should flourish on the disappointments of sadder and wiser people—making a meal of a nightingale and never knowing it—and that all the while his family should suppose that hers was in eager need of this sprig; and her vexation had fermented the more actively because of its total repression toward her husband. Exemplary wives will sometimes find scape-goats in this way. She now said, with energetic decision, "You made a great mistake, Fred, in asking Mr. Farebrother to speak for you."

"Did I?" said Fred, reddening instantaneously. He was alarmed, but at a loss to know what Mrs. Garth meant, and added, in an apologetic tone, "Mr. Farebrother has always been such a friend of ours; and Mary, I knew, would listen to him gravely; and he took it on himself quite readily."

"Yes, young people are usually blind to every thing but their own wishes, and seldom imagine how much those wishes cost others," said Mrs. Garth. She did not mean to go beyond this salutary, general doctrine, and threw her indignation into a needless unwinding of her worsted, knitting her brow at it with a grand air.

"I can not conceive how it could be any pain to Mr. Farebrother," said Fred, who nevertheless felt that surprising conceptions were beginning to form themselves.

"Precisely; you can not conceive," said Mrs. Garth, cutting her words as neatly as possible.

For a moment Fred looked at the horizon with a dismayed anxiety, and then turning with a quick movement, said, almost sharply,

"Do you mean to say, Mrs. Garth, that Mr. Farebrother is in love with Mary?"

"And if it were so, Fred, I think you are the last person who ought to be surprised," returned Mrs. Garth, laying her knitting down beside her and folding her arms. It was an unwonted sign of emotion in her that she should put her work out of her hands. In fact, her feelings were divided between the satisfaction of giving Fred his discipline and the sense of having gone a little too far. Fred took his hat and stick and rose quickly.

"Then you think I am standing in his way, and in Mary's, too?" he said, in a tone which seemed to demand an answer.

Mrs. Garth could not speak immediately. She had brought herself into the unpleasant position of being called on to say what she really felt, yet what she knew there were strong reasons for concealing. And to her the consciousness of having exceeded in words was peculiarly mortifying. Besides, Fred had given out unexpected electricity, and he now added, "Mr. Garth seemed pleased that Mary should be attached to me. He could not have known any thing of this."

Mrs. Garth felt a severe twinge at this mention of her husband, the fear that Caleb might think her in the wrong not being easily endurable. She answered, wanting to check unintended consequences,

"I spoke from inference only. I am not aware that Mary knows any thing of the matter."

But she hesitated to beg that he would keep entire silence on a subject which she had herself unnecessarily mentioned, not being used to stoop in that way; and while she was hesitating there was already a rush of unintended consequences under the apple-tree where the tea-things stood. Ben, bouncing across the grass with Brownie at his heels, and seeing the kitten dragging the knitting by a lengthening line of wool, shouted and clapped his hands; Brownie barked; the kitten, desperate, jumped on the tea-table and upset the milk, then jumped down again and swept half the cherries with it; and Ben, snatching up the half-knitted sock-top, fitted it over the kitten's head as a new source of madness, while Letty arriving, cried out to her mother against this cruelty—it was a history as full of sensation as "This is the house that Jack built." Mrs. Garth was obliged to interfere, the other young ones came up, and the *tête-à-tête* with Fred was ended. He got away as soon as he could, and Mrs. Garth could only imply some retraction of her severity by saying, "God bless you," when she shook hands with him.

She was unpleasantly conscious that she had been on the verge of speaking as "one of the foolish women speaketh"—telling first and entreating silence after. But she had not entreated silence, and to prevent Caleb's blame she determined to blame herself and confess all to him that very night. It was curious what an awful tribunal the mild Caleb's was to her, whenever he set it up. But she meant to point out to him that the revelation might do Fred Vincy a great deal of good.

No doubt it was having a strong effect on him as he walked to Lowick. Fred's light, hopeful nature had perhaps never had so much of a bruise as from this suggestion that if he had been out of the way Mary might have made a thoroughly good match. Also he was piqued that he had been what he called such a stupid lout as to ask that intervention from Mr. Farebrother. But it was not in a lover's nature—it was not in Fred's—that the new anxiety raised about Mary's feelings should not surmount every other. Notwithstanding his trust in Mr. Farebrother's generosity, notwithstanding what Mary had said to him, Fred could not help feeling that he had a rival: it was a new consciousness, and he objected to it extremely, not being in the least ready to give up Mary for her good, being ready rather to fight for her with any man whatsoever. But the fighting with Mr. Farebrother must be of a metaphorical kind, which was much more difficult to Fred than the muscular. Certainly this experience was a discipline for Fred hardly less sharp than his disappointment about his uncle's will. The iron had not entered into his soul, but he had begun to imagine what the sharp edge would be. It did not once occur to Fred that Mrs. Garth might be mistaken about Mr. Farebrother, but he suspected that she might be wrong about Mary. Mary had been staying at the parsonage lately, and her mother might know very little of what had been passing in her mind.

He did not feel easier when he found her looking cheerful with the three ladies in the drawing-room. They were in an animated discussion on some subject, which was dropped when he entered, and Mary was copying the labels from a heap of shallow cabinet drawers, in a minute handwriting which she was skilled in. Mr. Farebrother was somewhere in the village, and the three ladies knew nothing of Fred's peculiar relation to Mary: it was impossible for either of them to propose that they should walk round the garden, and Fred predicted to himself that he should have to go away without saying a word to her in private. He told her first of Christy's arrival, and then of his own engagement with her father; and he was comforted by seeing that this latter news touched her keenly. She said, hurriedly, "I am so glad!" and then bent over her writing to hinder any one from noticing her face. But here was a subject which Mrs. Farebrother could not let pass.

"You don't mean, my dear Miss Garth, that you are glad to hear of a young man giving up the Church for which he was educated: you only mean that things being so, you are glad that he should be under an excellent man like your father."

"No, really, Mrs. Farebrother, I am glad of both, I fear," said Mary, cleverly getting rid of one rebellious tear. "I have a dreadfully secular mind. I never liked any clergymen except the Vicar of Wakefield and Mr. Farebrother."

"Now why, my dear?" said Mrs. Farebrother, pausing on her large wooden knitting-needles and looking at Mary. "You have always a good reason for your opinions, but this astonishes me. Of course I put out of the question those who preach new doctrine. But why should you dislike clergymen?"

"Oh dear," said Mary, her face breaking into merriment as she seemed to consider a moment, "I don't like their neckcloths."

"Why, you don't like Camden's, then," said Miss Winifred, in some anxiety.

"Yes, I do," said Mary. "I don't like the other clergymen's neckcloths, because it is they who wear them."

"How very puzzling!" said Miss Noble, feeling that her own intellect was probably deficient.

"My dear, you are joking. You would have better reasons than these for slighting so respectable a class of men," said Mrs. Farebrother, majestically.

"Miss Garth has such severe notions of what people should be that it is difficult to satisfy her," said Fred.

"Well, I am glad at least that she makes an exception in favor of my son," said the old lady.

Mary was wondering at Fred's piqued tone, when Mr. Farebrother came in and had to hear the news about the engagement under Mr. Garth. At the end he said, with quiet satisfaction, "*That* is right;" and then bent to look at Mary's labels and praise her handwriting. Fred felt horribly jealous—was glad, of course, that Mr. Farebrother was so estimable, but wished that he had been ugly and fat, as men at forty sometimes are. It was clear what the end would be, since Mary openly placed Farebrother above every body, and these women were all evidently encouraging the affair. He was feeling sure that he should have no chance of speaking to Mary, when Mr. Farebrother said,

"Fred, help me to carry these drawers back into my study—you have never seen my fine new study. Pray come too, Miss Garth. I want you to see a stupendous spider I found this morning."

Mary at once saw the Vicar's intention. He had never since the memorable evening deviated from his old pastoral kindness toward her, and her momentary wonder and doubt had quite gone to sleep. Mary was accustomed to think rather rigorously of what was probable, and if a belief flattered her vanity she felt warned to dismiss it as ridiculous, having early had much exercise in such dismissals. It was as she had foreseen: when Fred had been asked to admire the fittings of the study, and she had been asked to admire the spider, Mr. Farebrother said,

"Wait here a minute or two. I am going to look out an engraving which Fred is tall enough to hang for me. I shall be back in a few minutes." And then he went out. Nevertheless the first word Fred said to Mary was,

"It is of no use, whatever I do, Mary. You are sure to marry Farebrother at last." There was some rage in his tone.

"What do you mean, Fred?" Mary exclaimed, indignantly, blushing deeply, and surprised out of all her readiness in reply.

"It is impossible that you should not see it all clearly enough—you who see every thing."

"I only see that you are behaving very ill, Fred, in speaking so of Mr. Farebrother, after he has pleaded your cause in every way. How can you have taken up such an idea?"

Fred was rather deep, in spite of his irritation. If Mary had really been unsuspicious, there was no good in telling her what Mrs. Garth had said.

"It follows as a matter of course," he replied. "When you are continually seeing a man who beats me in every thing, and whom you set up above every body, I can have no fair chance."

"You are very ungrateful, Fred," said Mary. "I wish I had never told Mr. Farebrother that I cared for you in the least."

"No, I am not ungrateful; I should be the happiest fellow in the world if it were not for this. I told your father every thing, and he was very kind; he treated me as if I were his son. I could go at the work with a will, writing and every thing, if it were not for this."

"For this? for what?" said Mary, imagining now that something specific must have been said or done.

"This dreadful certainty that I shall be bowled out by Farebrother." Mary was appeased by her inclination to laugh.

"Fred," she said, peeping round to catch his eyes, which were sulkily turned away from her, "you are too delightfully ridiculous. If you were not such a charming simpleton, what a temptation this would be to play the wicked coquette, and let you suppose that somebody besides you has made love to me."

"Do you really like me best, Mary?" said Fred, turning eyes full of affection on her, and trying to take her hand.

"I don't like you at all this moment," said Mary, retreating, and putting her hands behind her. "I only said that no mortal ever made love to me besides you. And that is no argument that a very wise man ever will," she ended, merrily.

"I wish you would tell me that you could not possibly ever think of him," said Fred.

"Never dare to mention this any more to me, Fred," said Mary, getting serious again. "I don't know whether it is more stupid or ungenerous in you not to see that Mr. Farebrother has left us together on purpose that we might speak freely. I am disappointed that you should be so blind to his delicate feeling."

There was no time to say any more before Mr. Farebrother came back with the engraving; and Fred had to return to the drawing-room still with a jealous dread in his heart, but yet with comforting arguments from Mary's words and manner. The result of the conversation was on the whole more painful to Mary: inevitably her attention had taken a new attitude, and she saw the possibility of new interpretations. She was in a position in which she seemed to herself to be slighting Mr. Farebrother, and this, in relation to a man who is much honored, is always dangerous to the firmness of a grateful woman. To have a reason for going home the next day was a relief, for Mary earnestly desired to be always clear that she loved Fred best. When a tender affection has been storing itself in us through many of our years, the idea that we could accept any exchange for it seems to be a cheapening of our lives. And we can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over other treasures.

"Fred has lost all his other expectations; he must keep this," Mary said to herself, with a smile curling her lips. It was impossible to help fleeting visions of another kind—new dignities and an acknowledged value of which she had often felt the absence. But these things with Fred outside them, Fred forsaken and looking sad for the want of her, could never tempt her deliberate thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]